With Our Readers

Unhappy Agnosticism

Williamsburg, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I don't know whether the columns of the Outlook are open to replies to these confessions of religion or irreligion, as the case may be, that have been featuring your pages of late. But I do feel moved to say somewhat anent the unhappy agnosticism of the agnostic in your issue of May 22. It is a pity that a man should lose his belief in God and label himself an agnostic because God did not vouchsafe to him his own private little miracle. And what kind of a miracle would he have, and what kind of a world would we have if we could all have a private little miracle of our own to prove that commonplace miracles all about us are really divine? To be sure he later realizes that this test was foolish; but nevertheless he leaves with us the impression that his agnosticism started right then and there, because when he called "God, God" on that beautiful spring dawn, nothing unusual happened. It is a pity too that a man should lose his belief in God and label himself an agnostic because he could neither hear nor see the presence of God in a wondrously beautiful sunrise. It is a pity too that a man should be so unfair, and so false to the truth as to say that Jesus pronounced a curse on his generation because it sought a sign. Rather did he sadly contemplate the blindness and the skepticism of that generation, and give warning that no sign should be given it save the sign of Jonah, the prophet—a sign of preaching that in the story was heeded; and that Jesus hoped against hope might be heeded by his own generation. And it is a pity surely that a man should lose his belief in God and label himself an agnostic because he could neither see nor hear the sign of a million Jonahs. One might call the roll of the prophetic Jonahs ancient and modern; but it would take more printer's ink than the Outlook would care to allow; and more time than the setting of many suns. And again it is a pity that any man should lose his belief in God and label himself an agnostic because he has not the wit to see and hear such signs, especially when, as he tells us, his own grandfather was such a notable sign. And then the sorry spectacle of the grandson of such a grandfather building for himself an Eden wherein are no forbidden trees, and presumably therefore no repressions wherewith to discipline his soul. And in place of prayer he reads poetry. Well that is something; and perhaps, if he but knew it, is prayer. And yet all in all it is a pity; and that young man might have been so much in the Kingdom of God. A pity it is when any man "forsakes the fountain of living waters and hews out for himself cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."

JOHN P. MANWELL

Mussolini and Italy's King

Rome, Italy

To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

As an old subscriber, for twelve years resident in Rome, I cannot refrain from expressing surprise at the following which I find in In Brief, on page 17 of the issue of May 1:

"Sober-sided Mussolini occasionally must permit himself the luxury of a chuckle at King Victor Emmanuel's formal references to 'my Government.'"

The King of Italy, whom may God bless and preserve, for he has been a good constitutional King, a good husband, a good father, and a good man, does not govern except through his Ministers, and never has governed since he came to the throne between twenty-five and thirty years ago.

Please say for me to the writer of the quoted sentence that there is no essential difference between the position of the King of Italy and that of the King of England. Each governs, constitutionally, through his Ministers, and rightly says "my government."

Such flings are unworthy of a publication like yours, in which I have for long years confidently looked for sane and sound comment on current events.

FRANCIS B. KEENE

Prohibition Again

Northfield, Minnesota

To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I am an interested reader of the Outlook and Independent and appreciate the many fine features of the publication.

However, the continued knocking the Eighteenth Amendment is making me and many of my friends very tired.

It would seem that the result of the November election should convince even a New Yorker that the amendment is here to stay, as is also the Volstead law.

A small part of the effort the Eastern journals are making to discredit the amendment and law would go a long way toward enforcement.

Of course if this was simply my individual opinion, it would count for nothing, but it is the sentiment of a very large majority of the voters of at least eighty-five per cent of the States of the Union.

JOHN STREET

The Street Railway Industry

Mansfield, Ohio

To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I have seen the article entitled "Fewer Street Cars, Fewer Babies" by T. R. Ybarra on page 87 of a May issue of the Outlook and Independent. We are rather surprised to note that a magazine of the standing of the Outlook would accept and publish an article which by inference but without definite figures is a mis-statement of fact with relation to the street railway industry.

Being subject to public control as to rate of fare the street railway companies unlike other merchants have not been able to adjust the relation between cost and selling price and for a number of years it has been difficult to squeeze out even the interest charge on new equipment. Therefore, any criticism of the street railway facilities should take into consideration the fact that it takes a lot of five-cent fares to buy a twelve-thousand-dollar street car.

As a matter of fact, electric railway transportation is not on the decline in the larger cities, and without attempting here to give you any lengthy statistics we take the liberty of suggesting that you send some one to the offices of the American Electric Railway Association, 292 Madison Avenue, New York City, for actual facts concerning the street railway industry in this country. As for the foreign cities mentioned in the above article, we believe statistics will also be available giving fair promise of continued existence of the street car.

JAMES H. DREW

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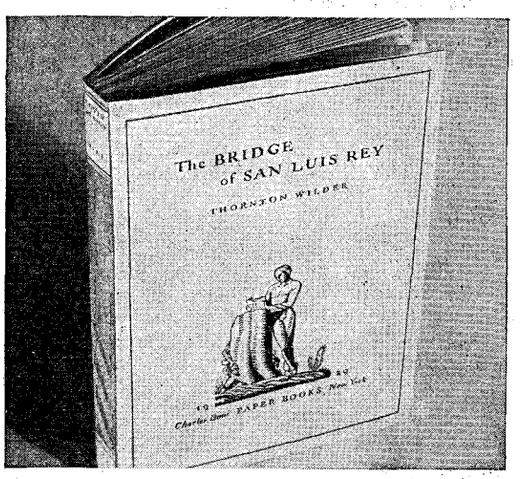

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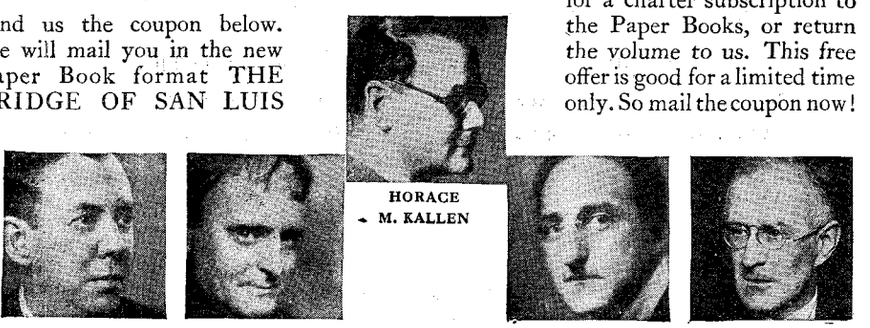

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In This Issue

VOLUME 152 JUNE 26, 1929 NUMBER 9

With Our Readers 321
Looking Forward 323
Frontispiece: Columbia River Highway at Tooth Mountain 324

Articles

Our Growing Leisure . . . 325
By ALFRED J. LOTKA
New Styles in Feminine Beauty 329
By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR
Government by Banker . . . 332
By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON
Beethoven: A Biography . . 342
Eleventh Installment
By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER
Financial Article 346
An Analysis of the Last "Set-Back"
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The Trend of Events

Images in the Mirror . . . 334
More Images 334
Practical Flying 334
Unpractical Flights . . . 335
Iceland's Celebration . . . 335
Reducing Sea Armaments . . 335
In Curaçao 336
Bad Luck to Us? 336
One Step Nearer 336
Oil Conservation 336
Lunar Sunrise 337
Restricted Immigration . . 337
Farm Relief and Tariff . . 337
Party Disunity 338
The Census of 1930 . . . 338
Luxury for the Masses . . 339
Help Wanted 339
In Brief 339
Back Stage in Washington . . 340

Editorial

Complexities of Crime . . . 341
By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 348
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND J. DANA TASKER
Picked at Random . . . 351
By WALTER R. BROOKS
Social Surveys 352
By EDWARD T. DEVINE
The Theatre 354
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY
The Movies 355
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 356
By W. R. BROOKS
From the Life 357
By IBBY HALL

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Looking Forward

IN ANOTHER ISSUE or two, Robert Haven Schauffler's biography of Beethoven will be concluded. We are glad to be able to say, however, that our interest in printing biography has not lapsed. On the contrary, in the issue immediately following, there will begin a most trenchant pen portrait of a purely American personality—a woman whose career, most likely, could have been possible nowhere else than in this country.

AS WE ANNOUNCE elsewhere, Herbert Asbury, author of several books, including "The Gangs of New York," one of last season's most interesting books, has chosen this year to portray the Character of Carrie Nation. It is this book which we will serialize, beginning next month.

CONTAINED IN IT are all Carrie Nation's tragedies and triumphs; her essential pathos; her extraordinary activities; her childhood, her marriage, and her tremendous campaign against the saloon, then the outstanding evil of the day.

PERHAPS there will never be a Carrie Nation again. Certainly, she remains, so far, the only one of her kind. Readers who remember her dramatic activities will find it absorbing to read her whole story now—with the key to the mystery of her fanaticism supplied. To those of the younger generation who have no remembrance of either Carrie Nation or the saloon, the picture of the times given will be as interesting as the portrait of the woman herself. All in all, it is a biography which will induce considerable reflection on the psychology of reform.

MEANWHILE, in an early issue, we hope to print a second article on the subject of laws and their enforcement, setting forth a view quite opposed to that expressed by Mr. Wainwright Evans in his article on "The Sanctity of the Law" in last week's issue. It is a subject of vital importance.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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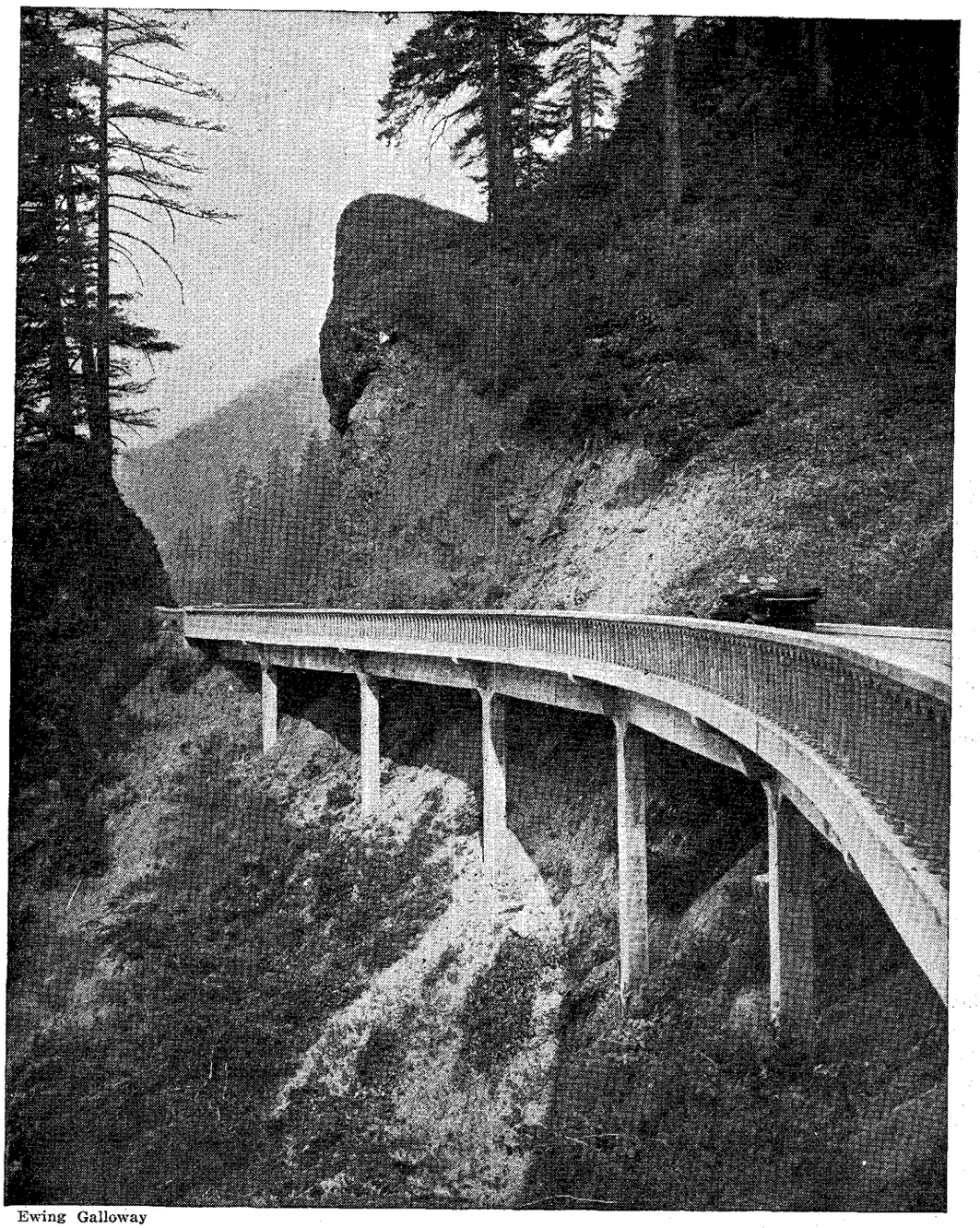

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Our growing leisure opens new worlds through increasing possibilities of travel

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Outlook
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June 26, 1929

Our Growing Leisure

What Shall We Do With It?

By ALFRED J. LOTKA

When man has enough, and a little over, for the needs of his body and the bodies of his family, there is the time to talk to him of "culture" and "the better things of life." Such a time has come for a large section of the American people. What shall we do with the leisure that science and machines have made possible? The way we spend it today will be reflected in the civilization of tomorrow. Dr. Lotka has written many scientific essays and one notable scientific book, "Physical Biology"

IN his purely physical make-up, man is not particularly favored by nature. All indications are that primitive man had difficulty in holding his own, and remained a comparatively rare animal. It is his mental endowment that has enabled his race to gain ascendancy, and, latterly, to overrun all the quarters of the globe in rapidly increasing numbers. Now our success in the life struggle depends, clearly, on these two conditions: What we do, and how well we do it. How has man's mental equipment operated on these two conditions for success?

It has assuredly enabled him to do things marvelously well. Primitive man walked or ran along the ground—in an emergency and for a short stretch at perhaps twenty miles per hour. Modern man flies at 350 miles per hour, through the air. Let this single statement stand as a symbol, for we cannot stop to make inventory of all our accomplishments, however flattering this might be to our vanity. Individually, indeed, we have not so much cause for vanity. We are clever by proxy. We travel in automobiles that others have designed; we speak over a telephone that another has invented; we listen over the radio, the product of other minds. Our own share in building up this great system of industrial civilization is pitifully small. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the modern epoch than this sharing of the many in the products of the minds of a few. We see in it the culmination, the end-result, of man's gift of speech. For it is language, spoken or written, that enables each generation to pass on to the next its store of experience. Thus arises the *possibility* of the cumulation of knowledge; but not its *guarantee*. For not all knowledge acquired is transmitted; some remains uncommunicated, and some is forgotten. And, if tradition is competent to transmit knowledge, it has proved itself even more potent in passing on error and superstition.

It need not, therefore, surprise us, that in the history of mankind the growth of knowledge should for many thousands of years have been a slow process; until the Sixteenth Century discovered, in the experimental method, a sieve to separate traditional belief from ascertained fact, verifiable by any one who chose to take the trouble. Ancient authority, found wanting by this critical test, was dethroned, and a new era arose in the history of knowledge. From this present Twentieth Century we can look back and measure the road that our race has since traveled. For a suitable measuring rod we turn to the pages of Darmstaeder's "Handbook of the History of Science and Technical Arts," which lists, in very brief abstract, the major discoveries and inventions in historical times. This is what we find:

Beginning, for convenience, with the year 1000 A.D., the number of pages devoted to successive centuries is as follows: Eleventh Century, two pages; Twelfth, two pages; Thirteenth, five pages; Fourteenth, four pages; Fifteenth, ten pages; Sixteenth, thirty-three pages; Seventeenth, fifty-four pages; Eighteenth, 113 pages; Nineteenth, 717 pages. It is admitted that in some measure this increase in the expanse of the record from century to century is due to the more detailed chronicles available for more recent times. But any correction that should be made on this account would be altogether too slight to cause any appreciable alteration in the general aspect of the record enumerated.

AS WE REFLECT on the situation thus presented, a variety of questions arise in our minds. Can this accumulation of knowledge go on indefinitely? Or are there human limits to it? Some such limitations suggest themselves readily enough. The total population of the earth is necessarily restricted. Hence the knowledge that can be actively present in the minds of living men has an upper limit. There is, of course, a vast store of inactive knowledge collected in libraries, but books occupy space, and here also there is a natural physical limit, to say nothing of problems of accessibility of knowledge scattered through many volumes. It is true that better methods of presentation and of summarizing in formulæ enable us from time to time greatly to contract the expression of ascertained facts and

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laws. Also, the future may resort to more compact and more durable records than our present-day books with their perishable paper. Again, current methods of education are grotesquely wasteful of time, as any one knows who has struggled with one foreign language at school and has actually learned one or two others by residence abroad. There is thus much room for greater dissemination of knowledge among all persons. But, reason as we may, it seems difficult to escape the conclusion that some upper limit exists to the expansion of human knowledge, though, as a practical problem, this must be the concern of a future generation.

BUT THERE ARE other questions of more immediate practical interest to us here and now, which come to mind as we ponder over the steeply ascending curve of human knowledge, and the modern scientific method from which it results. The abandonment of authority worship and the exhortation that each shall test for himself any moot point in the doctrine of science, has brought into being a great scientific democracy. Here again we can let figures tell the facts. The American Chemical Society publishes a bi-monthly abstract of all the significant chemical research published throughout the world. The annual index of this abstract, for the last year available, contains 15,000 names. Such is the army of workers in the field of chemistry and closely allied sciences alone. This may appear, at first sight, to contradict the statement made before, that our industrial civilization is mainly the product of a few minds. But the contradiction is only apparent. The methods of scientific research have become so largely systematized that much of the work can be accomplished by persons of good, but not necessarily superlative ability. The generals and field-marshals in the now rather numerous army of scientific workers are relatively few. Yet it is they who conduct the major operations, who determine the fundamental plan of campaign. Following these leaders, and by the weight of sheer numbers, a large army is making rapid advance on a wide front, by working out details, and, particularly, by applying to so-called practical purposes the scientific facts and principles revealed through men whose primary object is usually the attainment of knowledge for its own sake.

As is so often the case in human affairs, without any preconceived plan or conscious design, but merely in response to certain natural stimuli, there has been developed a very efficient system whereby knowledge gained by our human race is applied to satisfy that fundamental condition for success in our struggle for existence, namely to do well, to do powerfully, those things which, for reasons as yet undiscussed, men choose to do. Our economic system provides effectively enough that such application of knowledge shall duly follow. Whoever finds a new way, or a better way, to accomplish any of the stereotyped human purposes, need only demonstrate the fact to his fellow men and presently he can command a price upon the market. He may be a poor bargainer, or he may not be in a position to dictate terms, so that he himself may reap only a part, and sometimes a small part, of the benefit. But allowing for these minor weaknesses in our economic system, after all, the machinery exists for inducing the inventor of new ways and means to place these at the service of the community. Once the utility of the new device or the new method is demonstrated, there is not usually, in our day, much difficulty in persuading men to make use of it. Give people trolley cars, trains, automobiles, airplanes, and it is not difficult to find those willing to ride in them. Some effort may be necessary to overcome popular inertia and conservatism. But even for this we have today a highly specialized machinery in the advertising industry. *Persuading men to take advantage of new, clearly demonstrated knowledge, in striving for set purposes, is not, today, a major problem.*

BUT WHAT of these purposes themselves? Our success in the struggle for existence depends, we have noted, not only on how well we work towards certain ends, but on the ends themselves, toward which we strain. And our program of activities, our schedule of efforts spent in diverse directions, is itself as much a characteristic of our particular type of mind, as the ability or skill with which we proceed to carry the schedule into effect. Now, that discriminating faculty of our minds which determines this schedule is what we commonly speak of as our *tastes*.

It is beyond dispute that modern society has a place for men of the most diverse tastes and of correspondingly diverse activity. The engineer, the surgeon, the musician, and even the vaudeville comedian has an appropriate place in the social body. It is not only unnecessary, but undesirable that all minds should be cast in the same mold, as regards their assortment of predilections for various pursuits, their tastes. Nevertheless, there is a standard of a kind, to which men's tastes must conform in the interests of the species. Men's tastes must, on the whole, be such as to make them strive for things that are beneficial for the species. Thus we must naturally expect that the evolution of human behavior, its increased adaptation to the needs of a race, should involve a progressive modification of human purposes, that is, of the ends towards which men bend their efforts.

IN DEALING with the progress of human knowledge, of our skill in devising means for attaining our ends, we established a simple, if somewhat crude, numerical measure that clearly exhibited the rocket-like ascent of human knowledge and technical skill in recent centuries. What can we show to correspond to this, in the gain of human wisdom, that is, of man's judgment in deciding to what ends to apply this skill?

I am wholly at a loss to suggest even a crude numerical measure. Lacking this we must be satisfied with qualitative reflection. He would be a pessimist indeed, who would seriously maintain that the management of human activity had gained nothing with civilization. Despite imperfections, our charity organizations, our hospitals, our schools and universities and research centers, our concert halls and art galleries bear testimony of progress achieved. But over against these pleasing signs of advance we see, in recent memory, the brutal evidence of war. Man's purposes are too often cross purposes, and the power of knowledge to kill is greater than its power to heal. Now war is only the explosive symptom of disharmonies that exist also in times of peace. Indeed, for us who look upon peace as the normal political status, its disharmonies and inefficiencies are of even more immediate interest, though less spectacular, than those that have culminated in war.

How great the waste of effort in human activities, through competition where there might be co-operation, and through inefficiencies of all kinds, we can only surmise. Stuart Chase places it at fifty per cent. The removal of these disharmonies in human purposes, the establishment of better schedules of distribution of human effort, is a practical problem clearly more impor-

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tant in essence than the mere improvement of those means which can serve, as occasion arises, impartially either to build up or to destroy.

Three circumstances contribute in the present day to focus this problem of human purposes upon the screen of our mental vision; first, the disparity between the progress of humanity in knowledge and in wisdom; second, the increase in leisure brought about by increased mechanical efficiency in our manufacturing and industrial operations and in the home; and, third, under the present drift of technical development, the increasing concentration of significant tasks in the hands of a relatively few.

THE VERY FACT of the miraculous advances in modern knowledge must make us acutely conscious of the contrasting failure to advance equally in wisdom. And, naturally, we find ourselves asking, in the face of the brilliant success of modern methods for the systematic development of knowledge and skill, cannot some equally efficient method be found to increase us in wisdom? It must be admitted that there are certain definite obstacles in the way of piling wisdom upon wisdom after the manner in which knowledge has built its Jacob's ladder to the sky. At the bottom of every argument are certain assumptions, either clearly expressed, or implied and hidden. When clearly expressed they are harmless, for then it is evident that the argument holds only as long as the assumptions are true. But when the assumptions are hidden, it is easy to be deceived as to the soundness of the conclusion. The task of uncovering the hidden assumptions of our reasoning is peculiarly difficult. Yet this difficult task must be accomplished if there is to be progress away from old prejudices, old superstitions. As the late Charles W. Eliot remarks, "the main reason for the slow progress of the human race is to be found in the inability of the great mass of the people to establish correctly the premises of an argument." So often not reason, but the wish is father to the thought. Old beliefs, like old shoes, are comfortable, unless we outgrow them. And, as Professor Simpson has remarked, "the stabilization of our institutions rests ultimately upon our ability to know and to test assumptions, and upon a willingness to revise them without partisanship, or bitterness or distress." Now for this particular difficulty in the way of increase in wisdom, we are not wholly without remedy. The mathematician has met this same difficulty, in the logic of his arguments and has, in recent years, developed a definite technique for dealing with it.

Cassius J. Keyser, in his little book, "Thinking About Thinking," suggests that something of the technique developed in the domain of mathematics be applied also in the sphere of human conduct. The program would demand a searching analysis of the assumptions underlying our rules of conduct and our laws, before we built upon them a structure whose foundation should pass official inspection. And it is another great mathematical philosopher, Bertrand Russell, who remarks: "There seems hardly any limit to what *could* be done in the way of producing a good world, if only men would use science wisely."

More difficult to remedy will be a second cause for the slow advance of wisdom: Skill is readily communicable and its material products are readily introduced into general use; wisdom is not thus communicable. You may demonstrate a theorem in geometry, but the only way in which wisdom can pass from one to another is by persuasion, by suggestion. And persuasion is a most difficult art. Add to this, that in affairs of state, it is not enough to have persuaded a few men here and there. A majority must be won over. As regards the products of *skill*, it is not difficult to induce people at large to step, for instance, into a trolley car and profit by the genius of physicists and engineers. It is much more difficult to prevail upon people to recognize the course of *wisdom* and act in accordance with it. We can be clever by proxy, but we cannot easily be wise and good by proxy.

Thus, finding ourselves rather suddenly possessed of a new wealth of knowledge, we are made acutely conscious of the difficulties of wise investment of these resources. In particular, one of the indirect results of our greatly increased knowledge and technical skill is that time and energy hitherto consumed in providing for the necessities of life, are suddenly released for application to other efforts. We are confronted, and we shall undoubtedly in the future be more and more confronted with the problem: How shall we spend our spare energies, our spare time? Having finished producing the necessities of life, we can go on making articles of luxury; or we can rest on our oars. We can, of course, combine the two alternatives in any proportion. As to the first alternative, there exists today no practical problem. The automobile, the radio, moving pictures—these are the plainly visible evidence of the direction in which our spare energies are being spent.

But what of the second alternative—resting on our oars? To one man this means merely a relief from the irksome labor of rowing. To another it is the opportunity to commune with nature. So, to a certain type of man, leisure is the golden opportunity to work at those things which he feels instinctively to be most worth-while, though the popular demand, the popular acclaim, may lag far behind in its recognition.

The history of art, literature, and science is crowded with evidence of this superior wisdom of the creative mind. Personal advantage is sacrificed in obedience to the impulse to produce what is instinctively felt, and by subsequent events proved, to be most truly worth-while. But circumstances sometimes prevent, even in the face of a willing sacrifice. How much talent thus goes to waste without having borne fruit, the world can never know. But with increasing possibilities of leisure in the advent, there should, with proper management of our affairs, be less and less of this waste. And yet, there are certain features in the situation that work in the opposite direction.

WE MAY NOT AGREE on all points with the observations and conclusions set forth by W. B. Pitkin in his book, "The Twilight of the American Mind." We may feel that he has not sufficiently taken into account certain counter-influences, such as the drafting, into industry, of a large army of scientific workers, which we noted above; yet in the main it seems to be true that the modern industrial system, with its mass production, tends to reduce the number of men of superior talent required to keep the industrial machinery going. What the masses gain in increased goods available for consumption, the man of superior but not superlative attainments loses in reduced opportunities to exercise his talents. To illustrate by a familiar example, moving picture theatres have placed cheap drama of a kind within the reach of all, but have made difficult going for the average legitimate actor. And now the musical accompaniment of the talking films is tending to displace local orchestras.

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The seriousness of this situation, which applies in other fields also, is further increased by the over-production of professionally schooled persons, to which attention has recently been drawn by H. F. Clark in his study on the relation of education to earning capacity.

These are problems of the day. It is inconceivable that, the situation once recognized, we should be wholly without resources for meeting it. After all, the fundamental fact remains: With proper management of the world's affairs, in the advent of increasing possibilities of leisure, there should be less and less talent going to waste.

BUT WHAT WOULD BE a practical conception of this "proper management?" What could be done to invest our collective leisure where it will be most worth while? That we are failing to do so in the existing order is a feeling that has probably come to all who have given any thought to the matter. "If necessary," says Professor Zeleny of Yale University, "we must, by education and organization, see to it that old activities of lasting value are not crowded out of our leisure hours by useless pleasures."

Perhaps, as we reflect on the problem of leisure, our first thought turns to art as the natural outlet for surplus energies in "activities of lasting value." And assuredly, the dweller in a city, looking around at the ugliness all about him, must feel that opportunity for the artist cannot be lacking. The occasional example of the fine work of the modern architect serves only to prove the point. But the place of art in the schedule of human occupations I must leave to others, more closely associated with that domain, to discuss. Here only the development of scientific activities, as investments of our collective leisure, can be briefly touched. And in this field, at any rate, no revolutionary new departures are needed. Organizations already exist that operate in the desired direction. What is needed is not so much new institutions, as a more abundant, perhaps a more inspired life of those in existence, and others like them, yet to be called into being. In the world of science, these organizations are mainly the research departments of universities, and special institutes, such as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

As to universities, the problem here is not so much one of providing additional centers, as of making more effective those already in being. An abolition of schoolroom methods, and the placing of more responsibility upon the students themselves might, indeed, lead to a somewhat diminished number of "passes" (assuming standards to be preserved or raised), but would release some of the energies of the teaching staff from puerile supervision for more significant work. Reflexly this would lead to better and more inspiring teaching for those who took due advantage of their opportunities. As for the lost "passes," the community is perhaps as well off without them. The mere fact that a young man of twenty is incapable of studying without close supervision is in itself a sign of incompetence.

That university teachers are underpaid is a common complaint. This is not the time and place for a discussion of this topic, except in so far as it has an immediate bearing on the power of our universities as research centers. It is certainly a fact that, especially among the younger members of the staff, low standards of remuneration tend to kill research, by inducing these instructors to give up the best part of their spare time, their summer vacation, to teaching that often is even more of routine character than their regular duties. Professor Dunlap of Johns Hopkins University has recently advocated research grants to cope with this situation. He remarks: "If a young instructor were offered the alternative of a summer school job at $600, or a research fellowship at $450, he would choose the latter or else show that he had not the stuff in him."

OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITIES, scientific research has of late been conducted in growing measure and importance in special institutions of which the Rockefeller Institute is an outstanding example here in America. There can be no doubt that, in the future, institutes of this kind, as well as those attached to industrial establishments, will become more and more the centers of important investigations in pure science. Here the problem is in a lesser degree one of improving existing facilities; there is room for many more institutions. The needs of psychology in this direction have lately been emphasized by Professor Dunlap; but no doubt a similar spokesman could easily be found for every major branch of science.

Lastly, science has in the past received some of its best and most original contributions from amateurs—usually men of means, for it is only in rare instances that research done in scanty spare time can rise to major importance. It might be thought that this source of scientific progress would be wholly beyond control. But this is a misconception. One of the best functions an inspiring leader can fulfill is to draw into the ranks of investigators men of talent and leisure who, under the present régime, tend to be blown by the winds of popular opinion into the pursuit of further riches, simply for the want of any other adequate aim in life.

PERHAPS the reader has, in the course of these paragraphs, been wondering where the money for these proposed improvements is to be found. As a matter of fact, the financial problem is probably a minor one; its importance has perhaps assumed a somewhat exaggerated aspect through the policy which has so largely been followed in the recent past of endowing buildings rather than talent. One result of this has been to make us accustomed to elaborate and expensive equipment. It is not denied that for certain lines of work such equipment is extremely desirable and sometimes absolutely indispensable. Nevertheless it is a fact that some of the most important researches have been carried out with relatively modest equipment. Making all allowance for this, it still remains a fact that money is needed to carry on with the present installations, and still more money for expansion. Judging by the past, we have no reason to be pessimistic as to the outlook for help in this direction from private benefactions. But it is probably neither desirable, nor, for the best effect, possible, to rely entirely on voluntary contributions. Why not beat our swords into plowshares? As the cost of the World War begins to press less heavily upon us, why not divert a small per cent of the income tax into the financing of scientific research? The investment would assuredly pay. Also, a similar small part of the inheritance tax would, by very sound logic, be used to neutralize the occasional aberrations of inheritance, whereby the son or grandson of a self-made millionaire turns out to be a dunce, while the son of a financial nobody is, here and there, a genius. But the major problem is not this at all; nor even is it in the more difficult task of suitably apportioning such funds as become available. The greatest diffi-

(Please Turn to Page 358)

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New Styles in Feminine Beauty

"And on her once maternal breast—
The vogue is past—"

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The author, who surely ought to know, notes a marked change in the contours and manners of the suffragists of a few years ago and the lady politicians of today; nor is the change, she believes, limited to women in politics. Mrs. Blair is a veteran suffragist and a frequent contributor to the magazines

THUS sings the poet of the jeering Twenties of the changing styles in feminine beauty. To realize how they change one has only to remember the tall, broad-shouldered, long-necked, small-waisted Gibson girl of the Nineties and compare her with the lean, straight, scantling figure, small head, flat chest, and narrow hips of the Twenties; or the small, dimpled, short-necked, tiny-waisted maiden of the Sixties with the slim, lithesome lady of the Thirties. There is another change in feminine styles less noticeable, perhaps. At least it has not yet been noticed in print. It was called to my attention by experience. It is of that change and those styles that I write.

Florenz Ziegfeld has been credited with responsibility for the vogue of the skin-and-bone-straight-line, just as Titian is said to have popularized red hair among Venetian ladies. But the change I have discovered must be charged to a different kind of impresario.

My discovery of it was due to accident—accident that is joined to experience, and abetted by logic. For without the experience the accident would not have led to comparison and without comparison there would have been no conclusion. Another might have heard my political confrères, for instance, express in even more glowing words her admiration of Mrs.—we shall call her Speir—Mrs. Speir's beauty, put it down to male susceptibility, to blue eyes and good clothes, and let it go at that. She might even have listened to another politician answer, "She certainly is a rare one to look at," without amazement. She might not even have been surprised when it became plain to her that Mrs. Speir had been the belle of the whole political committee meeting. Even when she assayed Mrs. Speir's charms and noted that she was tall and of full figure, not young, that her hair was grey and her cheeks a calcimined pink, she might not have been surprised. Even Mrs. Speir's air of assurance, her resolute voice, her firm chin, and eyes that looked straight into those of her audience might not have startled her. Because there would not come to her mind, as she heard these men discuss the charm of Mrs. Speir, as there did to mine, memories piling one upon another swiftly of how we suffragists in days gone by had planned, plotted, and schemed to push forward, for work that required pleasing the male, the small, the dainty, the shy, the sweet among our adherents.

The time, for instance, that we picked three of our best, most feminine look-

Nickolas Muray

LYNN FONTANNE

ing (how many times we used those words!) women to make a call upon a public man entering our State and beg him to permit a woman to speak on suffrage on the platform with him; telling them to look their prettiest. One was a blonde, pale blue and white creature; another a black and red; the third a black and white but each one was an expert in the art of "looking up" to a man. The time that a group of us was chosen to appear before a political convention committee when all were advised not to be aggressive. Why, if we had had Mrs. Speir in our suffrage association she would never have got beyond the envelope-addressing group. On a committee to address a political committee—that was the last place we would have used her! Not that she is not good looking and cannot speak well. She is one and does the other. But didn't we know, as people know whose interests are involved, that the popular type of feminine beauty was the sweet and yielding type, that if one had a firm chin one must learn to hold it in, that if one had keen eyes one must learn to droop the lids? Yielding and sweet, shy and gentle—that was the type; never resolute and never with any assurance at all.

I could remember my suffrage days, and the yellow nets and pink hats which were so important an item in our campaign kits, and back to those of my young ladyhood. To the shy and sweetly reasonable the rewards, never to the resolute and firm. Oh, the power of organdie ruffles and blue ribbons! For that was the style of feminine beauty and no man then young, or woman then a maiden, will today deny it.

And yet these men were admiring Mrs. Speir, admiring her and talking about her looks. Mrs. Speir who, at twenty-seven, had been compelled to take her only available suitor, a man twenty years her senior, or go unwed. Surely the styles in feminine beauty had changed. Not only the styles in height, in breadth, and in the places to wear flesh, not only in complexions and the way of wearing hair, but also in the shapes of chins, the expression of eyes, the way of looking at a man. And changed not only for girls, which is understandable since the vintages of girls take on the manners of their day, but for middle-aged ladies and women politicians. This, said I to myself, needs thinking out.

I thought this again when I overheard a machine politician refer to portly Mrs. B. as being a fine figure of a woman. I thought of it last summer at the Republican convention in Kansas City when I heard the newspaper men call Mrs. Willebrandt a stunning looking woman as they looked at her set jaw and level eyes, and remembered how the reporters at the first suffrage convention had jeered at

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the ugliness of suffragists, although many of the women there were really beautiful by standards of art. I thought of it as I watched one of my best political friends who has pursed lips, a determined walk, a long nose and straight eye, and a tongue that never minces matters nor abates one jot of her own will, win man after man to be her ardent admirer; men who a decade ago, I would wager, would have run from her type, affrighted. I thought of it as I recalled the faces of Nancy Astor and Ruth McCormick which record openly their will to achieve and their opinion of their own opinions, and remembered how I had seen the former keeping on one side a handsome Governor and on the other an eminent cabinet member, so enthralled that they forgot that they had asked to be excused early from the dinner; and the latter standing in the center of a group of Washington newspaper correspondents, Representatives, Senators, and cabinet members, all admiring, intimate friends. I thought of it again the other day as I listened to men on both sides of me express their appreciation of Ruth Bryan Owen's good looks, the good looks of a grandmother, tall, distinguished, with eyes that know what their owner wants and a nose and chin that can get it.

Then I thought of two other women who had gone into politics, with the old-fashioned, outmoded beauty of the sweet, trusting eyes, the modestly curved nose, the soft, acquiescent lips, and the tilted head that slightly droops and then looks up as if to convey both modesty and adoration at the same time. And I remembered that they were not only unsuccessful as politicians but that not once had I seen men approach them, except as guests. And I realized that not a single woman of the old-fashioned type of beauty had been elected to Congress.

I thought of the popular hostesses of Washington, Daisy Harriman, Alice Longworth—by no means the sweetly acquiescent feminine type the suffragists once found it imperative to push towards those whom they would win. When I began to list the women who could always be counted on to have a man at each side, by his volition rather than theirs, I found them, one and all, women whose faces and tongues gave notice to the world that they had ideas. Perhaps, thought I, it is only in the political world that the type has changed. And I thought of Katherine Cornell. There is no yielding type. And I compared her with Julia Marlowe of the cleft chin and wooing eyes. Lynn Fontanne for all her appeal to the masculine is a wilful, even if enticing type. There is an ocean of difference between her and Lily Langtry. And I thought of the movies. Even Mary Pickford is being forced to the Romola rôles, the independence of a "Coquette" where once "Pollyanna" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl" filled her houses. Even in the novels. What

Harris & Ewing

ALICE LONGWORTH
and her daughter Paulina

chance to become a best-seller would a "Lady Rose's Daughter" have today against a "Dark Hester"? No, it is not alone in politics that the fashion has changed, I said to myself, but politics may have something to do with it. At least, since my experience has been with politics I shall see if I can trace the change. Perhaps it may indicate the cause back of it all.

I well know that one reason I was pushed in suffrage was because I was so inoffensive to the male. In other words, I was so disarming. Haven't I heard more than one legislator say, meaning it for the greatest compliment: "But you're different from the others. You're not aggressive like them; you're so feminine." Do I not know that one of my chief recommendations to the politicians when they first asked me to go on a committee was my gentle, yielding manner? "A wren," they called me. The name was an asset. For it meant no one need be afraid of me. Naturally, people do not care to do business with some one they fear.

But after I had been in politics a while I noticed that these very same men when asking me about some other woman to be placed on a committee or to be given some authority, were asking not if she was agreeable or charming but if she was strong, if she could stand her ground, if she was able to fight. They might not care to have some one around they would fear but they wanted to fight with some one whom the others would fear. They were not trusting a place on the front to some one who was yielding or gentle. And the reason was obvious. Their self-interest was involved. And vanity went down before self-interest. The kind of woman they needed was not one to flatter their ego but one that could deliver; and women's chins came into their own. However delightful it was to be fascinated by the oblique glance, eyes one could trust were much safer; and keen, straight glances went up in value. To grant favors was one thing; naturally men, being egotistical animals, granted them to those feeding their ego by subserviency and self-deprecation. Giving a vote for suffrage was a favor. But to need help was another; naturally the politician, being intelligent about his own interests, went for it to women about whose ability and loyalty he had no doubt. As the kind of ability he understood was the kind that he was accustomed to, the kind men had, the women who gave evidence of it were the kind he sought. And so the "sweetly feminine" went on the decline.

I happened in my experience to see it placed on the toboggan. At first I couldn't believe my ears when I heard men speak frankly their minds about women co-workers. "Is she smart?" they asked of me who had been told that a woman must conceal brains beneath frills and smiles. "Is she reasonable? Can she argue? Can she see and make a point?" was demanded of me when I had been taught that she must wheedle and make a virtue of wheedling, that inconsistency, sentiment, and agreement were women's traditional weapons. "Can she maintain her stand, take and give in a fight?" I remember a committee meeting wherein a brilliant woman, beauti-

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ful in the new style, fought out a mooted point with a machine politician boss of the whole State. "We'll just drop that," he said when something had been proposed.

Underwood

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK

"What's the idea? Drop it nothing," she retorted.

And for two hours they discussed the question up and down. And she won out. I thought, of course, that her goose was cooked. The men would never want her on another committee. But the next day when another committee was being formed, the politician boss asked that this woman be put on it.

"She knows her way about," he said. "She's a smart woman. We need her."

As for the women who get themselves elected to office, it ought to have been plain from the beginning what kind of women would succeed. For voters are like politicians. What they want in a Congressman, or an elected official, is some one they can trust, some one who has ability to serve, some one who can stand her ground, or at least one who they think is this kind. Naturally, then, the only kind that has a chance of winning their support is one who gives evidence of being this kind. They, too, have associated brains with bigness, strength and firmness with aggressiveness, trust and loyalty with directness. And a woman without these has little chance for their support. They may like a sweet, gentle little woman for their next-door neighbor but they are not likely to vote for her.

"But what," I can imagine a reader asking, "has all this to do with feminine beauty?" Let us see. I said the politician's vanity gave way before his self-interest. But vanity is a tenacious trait. It does not give way easily. What more natural way for it to function than to admire the woman he has had to choose in order to serve his self-interest? By admiring her he could admire the wisdom and the wit that had chosen her. This wisdom and wit were his own. Having once begun to admire her, the more he could admire her, the more credit to him for choosing her. And the abler, stronger she was, the more credit his for attaching her to him. From admiring her it was but a step to admiring those things that indicated her strength, her ability, her loyalty. *Voilà,* the new fashion in feminine beauty. Admiring these things here, he began to look for them and see them elsewhere where women were on display.

Not, of course, that it is politicians who set the fashion in these things. But what has happened in politics has happened in society in general. In politics it is more spectacular and gains more publicity. Women have gone into business, too. And there, also, something more vital than vanity is at stake—success. So men rate higher those women who have the qualities that will make for success. There, too, man's vanity is at work. And something else. Experience and common sense. What, for instance, will be the effect on his ideal of woman if a man loses a goodly sum through the incompetence of a sweet, inept feminine employee? What the effect of winning success through the help of an efficient one? Is such a man likely to admire a sweet, simple, adoring type in society?

Co-education, too, has helped. Whereas the young student may at first have resented the girl who rated above him, in time he has come to value more highly the capture of the admiration of this girl than of one who appears plainly a simpleton. There will always be men whose vanity is susceptible to the clinging vine that accentuates his own strength. But there is an increasing number, it would seem, who feel more flattered by the appreciation of their peers, even though they be of the feminine sex.

The keenness of competition in the race for success may have had a small part. A yielding wife may yield also to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and the bank account shows results. A delicate wife may require far more service and this, too, eats into balances. Two brains, one working socially and one down town, can sometimes "get there" more quickly than one brain working alone because the other runs to adoration rather than ratiocination.

The demands that modern life make on women may have something to do with it. Driving a car in traffic, for instance, calls for firmness and self-control. Fancy the fainting lady of the Eighteenth Century trying it. Pushing one's way through a subway mob, keeping alert for bargains, making engagements, filling positions on committees, even playing good bridge put a grip in the lower jaw, a keenness in the eye. Modern plays, modern books, by reflecting what has happened, serve to spread the fashion. There are probably other factors in thus changing the style.

"But she writes," some hardy feminist may remark when she has read this

Underwood

LADY NANCY ASTOR

far, "as if it were up to the men to determine the style of feminine beauty."

So I do. And so they do. For in spite of the inroads made on masculine preserves by feminists, men still control the market and it is the taste of the

(Please Turn to Page 360)

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Government by Banker

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

The recent notable triumph of Mr. Owen D. Young and his associates at the conference on reparations, inspired Mr. Norton to consider the change that has come about in the relation of the banker to his community, and the equally radical change in the attitude of the community toward him. Mr. Norton is a well-known Journalist

NOT the least interesting of the many manifestations of the rapidity of the evolutionary process in the post-war world is the amount of ammunition which is wasted in firing at enemies that have ceased to exist. So difficult is it in these kaleidoscopic days to keep track of the enemy who has become a friend and the friend who has become an enemy that much of our shooting goes sadly amiss. Institutions which not so many years ago were looked upon as anti-social and were therefore the object of attack by those who professed to have the interests of society at heart, have so changed in character as to become socially helpful rather than harmful. Yet the old names cling and knightly reformers still ride forth in full armor to do battle with dragons and giants that have ceased to be. We could well use a regiment of Don Quixotes to caricature our chivalric absurdities.

One institution which has undergone some such metamorphosis is the banker. Time was when the banker was a bloodless and heartless money-lender who tortured the last shekel out of his victims to put more in his already bursting coffers. He was the Shylock—the usurer. Even when, with the rise of the merchant classes, the banker gained respectability, he was still the symbol of the money-power. The earlier decades of the industrial revolution emphasized this sinister aspect of his calling. For was he not sign and symbol of the capitalist who ground down the laboring masses to coin their despairing toil into gold for his own vaults?

When industrialism opened the door for democracy it was inevitable that democratic spokesmen should seek to control the money-power. There could be no safer appeal to the masses than contrasting their lot with that of the classes. And the banker belonged body and soul to the classes. The attacks upon Wall Street are well known in our own national history and the great money centers abroad have had to face similar recurring onslaughts.

Democracy has fairly won the battle. Yet the momentum of a century or more is not easily overcome. And for those whose chief stock in trade is warfare on "special privilege," the bankers must be kept as long as possible among the anti-social classes. Small wonder, then, that there should be a considerable flurry in radical circles over the new rôle of the banker. It is quite to be expected that we should have pointed out to us the menace which lies behind the increasing participation of bankers in national and international affairs. We have been duly appraised of the large number of millionaires in Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. Fears are expressed at the growth of a "super-league of nations" composed of the great international financiers.

Curiously enough those who point with warning finger at these developments fail to specify the actual dangers to which we are exposed. They run off vaguely into generalities about "a new triumph of capitalism" or "a new victory for the money-power." They speak as if in duty bound to warn us, while they themselves lack the conviction that any grave danger impends.

IS IT POSSIBLE that the habitual opponents of banks and bankers, of Wall Street and the money-power have begun to sense a change in the aims of those institutions and in their relations with the public? For surely it is hardly probable that in the midst of the momentous changes of the last three decades, changes almost universally affecting countries, institutions and individuals, the bankers alone should have remained untouched. Is it conceivable that the bankers have cast off their anti-social garments and donned social-mindedness. It is perhaps needless to say that there is no thought here of a religious or ethical conversion. Bankers are as human as the rest of us. But have the economic forces of the world so shifted that the bankers' responsibility has widened from the constituency of a class—or even the "classes—to a constituency at least as extensive as the national boundaries? Certainly such a shift is within the post-war possibilities.

One of the new theories that has appealed to advanced—not to say radical—thinkers is that of governmental representation by economic groups. Representation by geographical districts, it is claimed, may be suited to a country which is practically uniformly agricultural, but it has no relation to the realities of a modern industrial country. Under this territorial arrangement, a Congressman is called upon to perform the supposedly impossible task of adequately representing employers and employees, landlords and tenants, manufacturers and farmers, etc, etc. The improvement proposed is to have representatives elected not by geographical districts but by groups of people having the same economic interests, according to their numbers. This, of course, is the theory of the Soviet system as now practiced in Russia. Despite the difficulties which have developed there, it has its advocates among us.

NOW THE SELECTION of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Young, Mr. Lamont and Mr. Perkins to participate in one of the most important international conferences imaginable presents a curious analogy to this economic representation procedure. It might be called a counterfeit, some might call it a caricature, and yet the resemblance is sufficiently close to be worthy of remark.

These eminent bankers were asked to undertake the difficult task for no reason which could be called "political" in the current sense of that word. They were chosen because the men in charge of the European governments had confidence in them. This confidence was of several kinds. It was a confidence in their ability; but choosing men for their ability is unique in government annals. It was a confidence in their integrity; but this again is not unique. There was also a confidence of special interest here—a confidence that these bankers had the confidence of the people of the United States. In so far as this could be expressed—officially, it was expressed by the prompt agreement of the Government in Washington to their participation in the reparations discussions. But the confidence of the

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United States was also expressed unofficially by a long and indirect process.

So long as the banker was a mere money-lender dealing with his own funds, the rest of the world held him at arm's length. He had only occasionally to win confidence to become the custodian of the funds of others when wealth was concentrated in a small group. With the rise of the merchant and industrial classes, the function of the banker began to assume the aspect of a trusteeship. But even then he was trustee for the classes and still remained an object of suspicion to the masses.

IN THE SOCIAL ORDER which prevails today in western Europe, and above all in our American social order, the bounds of the bankers' trusteeship have been widened until they embrace practically the whole population. Industrialists are chiefly interested in the operation of their plants. Merchants are primarily concerned with the profits of their own business. The banker is deeply interested in their welfare, but he does not stop there. The banker is the one man in our present economic organization who is vitally interested in the welfare of all plants, the progress of all businesses and the prosperity of every laboring man. The more business there is for everybody, the more business there is for the banker. American industrialists and American merchants have fairly well learned the lesson that co-operation in business pays. Their enterprises thrive in a world of high wages with its accompaniment of manifold wants and liberal spending. No one is more interested than the banker in intensifying and perpetuating this economic process.

But are not his motives entirely selfish? Is he not simply working for his own good?

Unless we are more interested in abstract ethics than in politics or economics, we may well ask in reply "What of it?" If the banker's success and prosperity depend upon the success and prosperity of every element in the community, why shed idle tears over the thought that his activities in assisting success and prosperity all along the line are not prompted by the motives of the social reformer?

Nor need we worry overmuch lest the banker suddenly turn to using his accumulated resources for his own good and to the detriment of the community. For the banker must not only become such; he must remain such. His enjoyment of financial power is in a very real sense subject to a control by the community as effective as the political device of the recall of officials by popular vote. In our present economic organization popular confidence is as necessary to the banker as it is to the politician. For how does a banker become such? And how does he remain such? Here is the curious parallel with the system of economic representation.

Go to any small town from Maine to California and the chances are nine out of ten you will find the president of the town bank is a successful local merchant or manufacturer. Look around a bit further and you will find in all probability that he is the one among the local merchants or manufacturers to whom you would be most willing to entrust the care of your funds if you lived in that town. He may not be brilliant but his integrity is generally conceded. If any large proportion of the town's people think otherwise, a second bank will soon appear. The two compete for the confidence of depositors. And depositors are more careful of their deposits than voters are of their votes.

THE TOWN BANKS arrange to deposit their surplus funds in large cities. In making such deposits, the president of the town bank is guided by two principal factors. First is his confidence in the men who run this or that city bank. Second is his desire to avoid banks whose economic associations may be at variance with those of the majority of his townspeople. After these two points, he may give consideration to "service."

The city banks have grown and attained their status under the operation of the same kind of forces that have built the town banks. Although the process is less easily traced in the more complicated life of the city, the city banker must obtain and retain the confidence of as wide a circle as possible. Individual discontent with his methods leads to the transfer of deposits to rival banks. Any general distrust leads to a run which may wreck his institution.

Carry the same process on up through the banking hierarchy and the same kind of forces continue to work on a larger and larger scale. Always there is the same necessity for winning and obtaining confidence, and with each step upward the demands upon the qualifications of the banker are more exacting. The city banker in general has greater ability, broader experience and, as a consequence, wider views than the town banker. In the same way the bankers of Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and the other great mercantile and industrial centers average higher than those of smaller cities. New York makes the most severe demands of all.

THE PARALLEL between this process of selection and that in the political field is obvious. A man who sits in a town council must have won the confidence of a considerable number of his fellow citizens. To go to the State assembly he must make a still wider appeal. Yet more is necessary if he would enter Congress. And only a few of the outstanding citizens acquire the dignity of a Senatorship. The man who would be President can afford few slips. He must win and—if he would be President a second time—must retain the confidence of a substantial majority of the Nation.

The process of selection in the banking world, however, involves a closer association with the economic forces of the country than does the present political process. There are farmers' banks and merchants' banks, miners' banks and shipping banks, steel banks and oil banks, and we of late have people's banks and labor banks. None of these, perhaps, is identified solely with the interest suggested in its title. Yet many of them depend primarily for their success upon the support of certain lines of economic activity. As such they effectively represent those lines in the general process of constant economic readjustment.

The larger the banks, the wider their area of operation, the greater the number of interests involved, the greater the demand for care in avoiding antagonism between them. The head of a great New York banking house has responsibilities not at all unlike those resting upon the chief of a state. Various and even conflicting interests look to him for guidance and support. A chief or a magistrate, under such circumstances, may choose to side with the stronger forces and depend upon them for his continuance in office regardless of the weaker group. The bank president would naturally make the same choice in the last resort. But not until he had exhausted every possible means

(Please Turn to Page 358)

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The Trend of Events

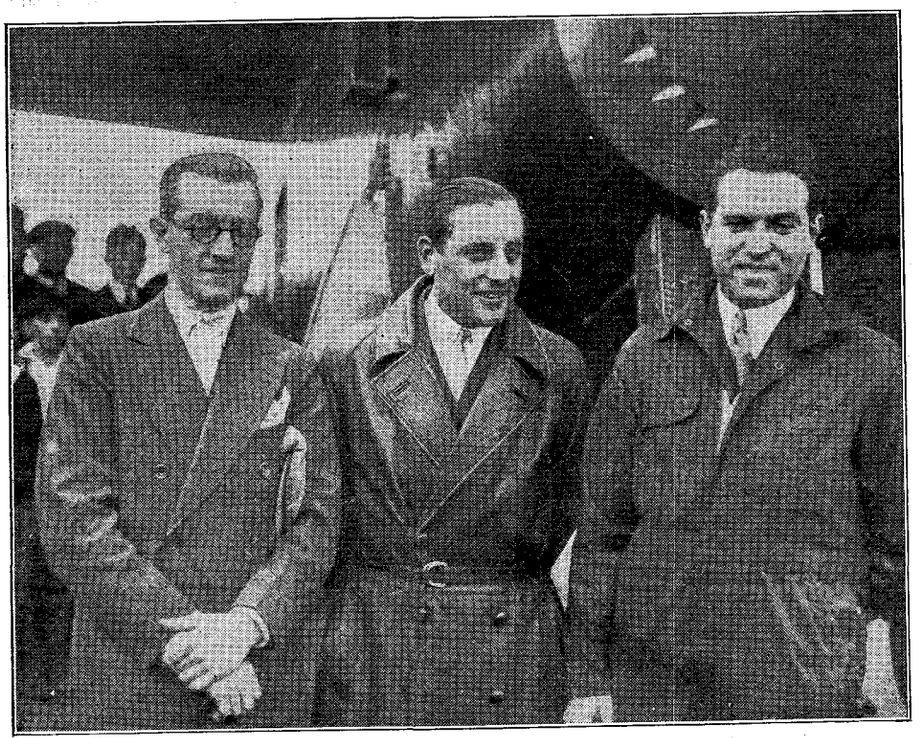
Images in the Mirror

WITH SOME Minnesotans, after the Virkula slaying, discussing the advisability of going armed in self-protection and others asking the President to stop the "arrogant lawlessness" of enforcement officers; with the public indignantly demanding to know what dry agents have been doing with riot guns, it becomes a question whether the current platitude should not be reversed to read, "One of the worst ways to repeal a bad law is to enforce it."

Riding in an automobile with his wife and two children, Henry Virkula, a merchant of Big Falls, Minnesota, was killed when his car was riddled by slugs from a dry agent's sawed-off shotgun. This tragedy has produced demands in Congress that shootings by Government agents be thoroughly investigated. It has also brought a statement from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman that agents have been warned against using firearms except in self-defense or to prevent the taking of a life. He also states that he is preparing an order forbidding border patrolmen from using riot guns and sawed-off shot-guns. But in the Minnesota case, through Mr. Lowman, the Government, as usual, stands up for its gunner and favors taking the trial out of local courts. Quick shooting dry agents, tried in Federal courts, customarily win acquittals, which are not always merited. The case in Kentucky, where two agents, convicted in a Federal court of killing a moonshiner during a raid, have been refused a retrial, is exceptional.

Exceptional, also, is the recent shooting in Michigan, where the dry agent's victim appears actually to have been a rum-runner, and to have given the agent a plausible reason for firing. Aside from the snuffing out of this one bootlegger, however, no permanent progress has yet been made in the task of drying up the Detroit River. While bootlegging speed boats are being abandoned as a result of the Government's dry drive at Detroit, bootlegging tugs designed to navigate Lakes Erie and Huron are all the rage. Concentrating their forces along the border, the Federal agents have also concentrated the forces of the bootleggers, who, it is reported, have combined and worked out an intelligence system to determine the border points least carefully guarded.

General Superintendent McBride of the Anti-Saloon League laments the power of the press to overemphasize unfavorable developments in prohibition enforcement. Generally speaking, however, the press merely holds an accurate mirror up to prohibition. Images lately appearing therein indicate that bone-dry brows need furrow less over the distorting power of the press than over its reflecting power.



Wide World

THESE THREE

Lotti, Assolant, and Lefevre, who have added their names to the list of transatlantic fliers

More Images

ACROSS THE MIRROR pass wryly comic, as well as tragic, reflections on Jones-Volsteadism. There is the story, for instance, of ten enterprising Easterners convicted of redistilling a chemical tree spray for beverage purposes. Humorists have found a barrel of capital, also, in the productive dry raids at Ripon, Wisconsin, during the celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of the Republican party, officially dry in the last election. The celebrants themselves were indignant. A resolution sponsored by a member of the State Legislature formally requests the Government to refrain from enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment in Wisconsin.

A reflection which should not be overlooked is the growing strength of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, which has lately added the names of many prominent New York women to its roll. Another which merits inspection from all angles is the series of penetrating questions put by Representative Tinkham to Dr. Wilson, Secretary of the Methodist Board of Prohibition. Representative Tinkham seeks to establish that the Board is a lobbying organization and that the Methodist Church is interfering in politics.

Practical Flying

THE PRACTICABILITY of air travel is increasingly apparent. So, too, are the limitations of air travel.

Americans seem to have little doubt or timidity regarding air-rail service. Bearing a vacuum bottle of Atlantic Ocean water to be mingled—symbolism, you know—with the waters of the Pacific, Mrs. Willebrandt has officially opened the sixty-hour route between New York and Los Angeles jointly operated by the Universal Aviation Corporation and two railroads. More

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than a thousand applications have been received for the twenty passages on planes that, on July 7, will inaugurate a second New York-to-Los Angeles air-rail service operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.

Air-mail service, too, becomes a matter of course. Ambitious projects are afoot for its extension in the South and Southwest, while in Canada the plane supersedes the dog team in the transportation of mail to the remote Northwest. It is hoped that a new airplane pick-up device, successfully tried on the Leviathan at sea, will cut two days from the mail time between Europe and America.

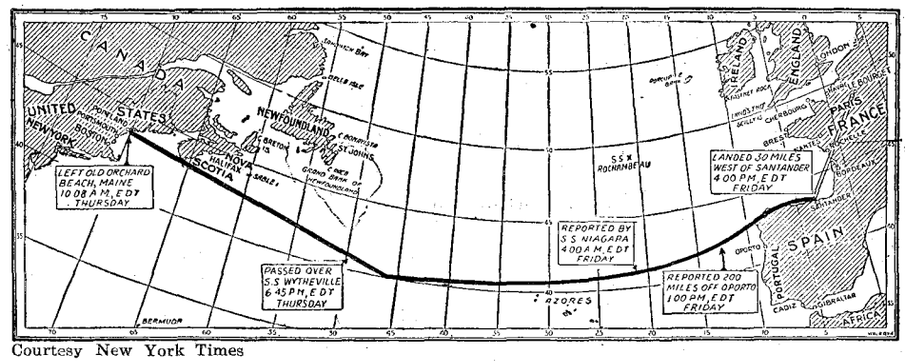
Private flying is due for a boost if the National Aeronautical Association follows its plan to form flying clubs of pilots and would-be pilots throughout the country. This scheme, under which club members would become part owners of planes and would be given flying instruction if they desired it, should be of special interest to women.

Women fliers, it appears, grow impatient at not being taken more seriously. Recent suggestions that contestants in the Association's $10,000 Los Angeles-Cleveland air race for women employ male navigators or else start east of the Rockies have brought a chorus of feminine protests.

Government figures for 1928 show that, excluding pedestrian mortality, mile for mile the ratio of danger between air travel and automobiling is 35 to one. However, the death rate of airplane pilots is dropping. That it may continue to drop, the Air Regulations Division of the Department of Commerce has announced new standards for air transport pilots' licenses, requiring each pilot to be skilled in the operation of the type of craft he purposes to fly.

▸▸*Unpractical Flights*

THE MAINE-TO-SPAIN hop of Lotti, Assolant, and Lefevre, with Arthur Schreiber, their "little accident," created warm public interest. An outstanding flight, it was made especially so by the weight of the stowaway, who, though he appears to suffer from Lindberghitis, obviously was unconscious of the danger in which he placed his involuntary hosts. Nevertheless, the career of the Yellow Bird strengthens the evidence that crossing the Atlantic by plane is possible but, so far, not practical.



Courtesy New York Times

THE COURSE OF THE YELLOW BIRD

It is as yet impossible, apparently, to set even an approximate date for a trans-Atlantic hop. For weeks the Yellow Bird and its rival, the Green Flash, waited favorable weather conditions. Both planes started and failed once; the Green Flash failed twice. Then, with what a meteorologist declared to be the best conditions of any flight since Lindbergh's, the French fliers failed to land at Le Bourget, their goal. Of the eight non-stop North Atlantic flights, only two—that of Lindbergh and that of Brock and Schlee—have ended at their announced destinations.

The record of the Sweden-to-New York fliers must discourage enthusiasts who had hoped for regular air service across the North Atlantic. Delay after delay and mishap after mishap have marked the early course of Captain Ahrenberg and his two companions. The flight was intended to prove the feasibility of a commercial air route between Sweden and the United States. It has not done so. Taken with the other ocean hops, it seems to indicate that much greater progress will have to be made in aviation before the plane will become a competitor of the trans-Atlantic liner.

▸▸*Iceland's Celebration*

ICELAND, from which the Swedish fliers found it so hard to depart, is knee-deep in preparations for next year's celebration of the thousandth anniversary of its "Althing," or Parliament. The United States has been invited to the party.

Representative Burtness of North Dakota wishes it to accept. He has introduced a joint resolution in Congress providing that a special delegation of five official representatives of the American people be sent to Iceland, and not empty-handed. He suggests that President Hoover, as a mark of friendship, erect in Iceland a memorial to its hero, Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red.

Here was the rub. The resolution as introduced recalled that some say Ericson was the first white man to discover America. Many Representatives had learned that in fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue; others had heard tell of an Irishman's arriving in the Sixth Century. Out with this Ericson!

Ericson probably did land somewhere on this continent, though historians have not definitely established the place. Whether he did or not, Iceland merits neighborliness and recognition from the United States.

▸▸*Reducing Sea Armaments*

THE SUCCESS of the British Laborites in the election of May 30 has blown the breath of life into hopes for naval disarmament. At no time since the Washington Conference of 1921 have such hopes been as well justified.

While other powers are invited to co-operate, in both London and Washington it is apparently recognized that naval disarmament is above all a British-American problem, and one to be settled by statesmen rather than technicians. The willingness of the Hoover Administration to tackle the problem appeared in the plan of the American delegates to the recent meeting of the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva. Fully as willing, it appears, is the newly-formed Labor Government, headed by Ramsay MacDonald.

Through Lloyd George, the British Liberals, who hold the balance of power in Parliament and by voting with the Conservatives—if they care to risk the consequences—can kill the MacDonald Ministry almost at will, have promised support to the MacDonald plan of slashing sea forces. Even the Con-

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servatives, who will fight the new Premier at almost every turn, seem inclined to declare an armistice on this question, though just how far Liberals and Conservatives will go with Mr. MacDonald in disarmament is a question. Just how far the Senate will go with Mr. Hoover is another.

Widespread interest has been aroused by Premier MacDonald's plan to visit Mr. Hoover in Washington some time after Parliament begins its long recess in July. A personal exchange of views between the Premier and the President on disarmament might prove helpful; moreover, such a visit would be a friendly as well as dramatic gesture and should tend to ease the strains in Anglo-American relations. It is not, however, indispensable if disarmament plans are to be realized. Any ordinary form of British-American contact should do.

▸▸*In Curaçao*

A FILIBUSTER is still a filibuster, not a Congressional talk-tourney, in Venezuela. With a flourish worthy of past centuries, when Curaçao joyed in romance and rebellion, a band of Venezuelan revolutionists lately took possession of the island, kidnapped its Governor, terrorized the population, seized the arsenal, and bore off arms and ammunition to use back home in a fight for freedom.

It was not a musical talkie, in spite of the tropical setting, the darkness, and the patter of shots; there was no final ensemble for male chorus, singing "In Old Venezuela" before a slow fade-out. It was real life, and it forecasts a threatening revolution, according to a Venezuelan General, exiled in this country, who has described his native land as a veritable powder barrel.

Last month President Gomez, long the iron-handed Dictator of Venezuela, retired from office because of old age and was succeeded by Dr. Juan Peres. If a widespread uprising is imminent, it is thought to represent long-suppressed native protest against the strict Gomez régime, particularly the Gomez policy of opening natural resources to foreign commercial interests.

Alas for high deeds and hot-blooded romance, the prospects for such a revolution seem dim. There's oil, as well as rebellion, in Venezuela. The once-colorful shores of nearby Curaçao are dotted with huge oil tanks and refineries; the harbor, first occupied by the Conquistatores in the Sixteenth Century, is busy with tankers bringing petroleum from Venezuela to be refined. The future, marked out along modern lines, is largely dedicated to big business, and big business tends to confine its revolutions within the walls of theatres and the covers of books.

▸▸*Bad Luck to Us?*

ALARMED TO REALIZE that the proposed reform of the calendar would unload upon hapless mankind thirteen Fridays the 13th, superstitious America hastily crosses its fingers.

Granted that the simplified calendar, neatly carving the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, would efficiently lighten humanity's burdens. Would the increased efficiency outweigh the consequent bad luck? Not only "hex"-ridden Pennsylvanians, but numbers of mirror-breaking, before-breakfast-singing, doorstep-stumbling citizens mutter "abracadabra," reach for their rabbits' feet, and answer, "No."

They are unconvinced by the reminder of M. B. Folsom of the Eastman Kodak Company that there were thirteen original Colonies, that the American eagle has thirteen feathers in its tail, and that Columbus discovered America on Friday. Columbus had all sorts of bad luck; he even discovered a place he wasn't looking for. Shouldn't he have waited, superstitiously, until Saturday?

Clinging fast to their H-hinges, old horseshoes, and four-leaf clovers, Americans are not alone in their eerie preoccupations. The request of English Spiritualists for amendment of the 193-year-old act denying the existence of spirits threatened to place witchcraft well up with the unemployment problem as a campaign question in Great Britain.

Even sophisticated Parisians seem lately to have fallen so far under the spell of a self-styled specialist in black magic that the police have found it necessary to exorcise the gentleman. Is it conceivable that opposition to calendar reform may become international, purely on the ground that there is enough bad luck in the world already without spreading nets to catch more?

▸▸*One Step Nearer*

THE ROOT PLAN has just leaped back into prominence by being formally approved by the Council of the League of Nations. The plan was designed to get around one reservation under which the Senate voted for our adherence to the World Court. That reservation recites that, unless we consent thereto, the Court shall entertain no request from the League for an advisory opinion on any dispute in which we claim an interest.

Court members looked on this condition coldly, arguing that it might give us special privileges. Whether it would or not cannot be said. Certain League members may enjoy similar privileges; that has not yet been decided. At any rate, the reservation caused a deadlock, which was pried open early this year by Elihu Root, who suggested that a request for an advisory opinion submitted to the Court be submitted to the United States also. If we disapprove of it, we are given opportunity to talk it over with the League. Then, if we continue to oppose and the League to favor it, we may withdraw from the Court without any implication of unfriendliness. This last provision is a bit dubious; we should certainly be regarded as none too clubby under such circumstances.

Approved by the League Council, the Root plan must still be approved by the Assembly, by all the Court members, and, apparently, by the United States Senate.

We can be a party to litigation before the Court even as matters stand. After we were in the Court we might or might not make frequent use of it. Before disputes could be submitted special or general treaties would have to be negotiated with the other nations concerned and ratified by the Senate, which is always somewhat hostile to "abroad." But our adherence could do little or no harm and might do much good. The Court is one of the best of present-day institutions for preserving peace. It deserves our support.

▸▸*Oil Conservation*

CALLED TO NEGOTIATE an agreement among oil-producing States on limitation of output, the oil-conservation conference at Colorado Springs disbanded without agreeing on anything more than general principles. While it may be reconvened upon the call of the President, its lack of accomplishment is almost an invitation for the Federal Government to undertake that "coercive action" which the chairman, Mr. Requa of California, held out as the inevitable alternative to an interstate agreement. The States were not merely indifferent to the threat; representatives of some

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of them expressed a preference for the assertion of Governmental authority.

Although the conservation of oil is a policy of the Administration, it may be reluctant to employ methods of safeguarding this wasted National resource that might be interpreted as price-fixing. On the ground that it would fix prices in violation of laws governing inter-state commerce, the Attorney General in April denied the request of the oil industry, made through the American Petroleum Institute, for permission to limit production in 1929 to that of 1928. The interest of the oil companies in restriction is obvious. Overproduction—estimated at 485,000,000 barrels annually and increasing at a rate of 12,000 barrels weekly—has resulted in a lowering of prices threatening the industry's financial welfare. The request this year duplicated requests of previous years by the larger companies, whose voluntary efforts to restrict output are partly frustrated by independents.

While every one professes to favor conservation, few seem willing to bring it about. The Administration fears to take steps on a National scale that might seem to move toward the "State Socialism" against which the Republican party warned the country during the Presidential campaign. The oil industry itself is prevented from taking steps by the rigorous demands of competition. The States seem unwilling to agree to any program that might reduce their revenues from production, as has already been done by the executive order prohibiting the leasing of governmental oil lands. No one seems especially concerned for the consumer, to whom conservation might mean future good but present evil in the form of increased prices for fuels and lubricants.

▸▸*Lunar Sunrise*

MAKING A MOVING PICTURE of the sunrise on one of the vast craters of the moon without a moving picture camera is a fascinating feat just accomplished at the Department of Astronomy at Princeton. Only those comparative few who have frequent access to a telescope of modest dimensions are in a position to realize that a sunrise on the moon is fully as striking as one on the earth; but that, unlike the one on the earth, a lunar sunrise can be witnessed over an entire chain of mountains and plains—provided one is a patient observer. The moon rotates on its axis extremely slowly—only once in about four weeks. To observe a sunrise over a single range of craters therefore requires many hours of presence at the telescope.

What the Princeton astronomers have done is to make a series of photographs on motion picture film through a telescope at the rate of one exposure every six seconds instead of the sixteen exposures a second of the ordinary "movies." When the film is developed and run through a film projector at normal speed the apparent effect is to accelerate the lagging satellite's rotation by about one hundred times. Similar motion pictures of Jupiter, making

Underwood

REPARATIONS EXPERT
J. P. Morgan, one of the American delegates on the experts' committee

sensible that planet's rotation, were last year taken by Professor Wright of Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Here the entire planet was photographed instead of a local patch as has just been done with the moon.

Lunar shadows are unlike earthly shadows—there are no gradations between brilliant illumination and none; there is no twilight. The very second an object on the moon ceases to lie in direct sunlight it is in pitch darkness. The same would be equally true on earth but for the refractive effect and other effects of our atmosphere.

Every feature larger than a five-acre lot can be seen on the moon by means of telescope; lunar maps made by astronomers are actually more accurate than maps of the earth. All considerable craters are named, and their geography is as familiar to the astronomer as that of his home State. The crater photographed at Princeton is named Copernicus and is 56 miles in diameter.

▸▸*Restricted Immigration*

THE SENATE has made reasonably certain that the national-origins immigration plan will go into effect on July 1. Barring unforeseen developments, after this month immigration will be further restricted by about 11,000, and will be reapportioned to correspond with a cross-section of our population. At present, the quota for any country consists of 2 per cent. of the number of natives of that country who were in the United States in 1890.

The aim of the national-origins plan, to preserve the country's racial proportions, is defensible enough, though difficult to realize, since the proportions will change even under the new immigration regulations. There is no way of keeping birth rates and death rates constant for the different racial stocks. However, the primary question has concerned the practical disadvantages of changing the present smoothly-functioning immigration law, which fulfills its fundamental restrictive purpose, is well understood, and generally satisfactory. It seemed the wiser course to avoid the inconvenience, bitterness, and jealousy which shifting the source of the stream of immigration in favor of Great Britain and to the disadvantage of Germany, the Irish Free State, and the Scandanavian countries may bring about.

But if the national-origins plan has come, it is to be hoped that, at least, it has come to stay for a while. Restriction is too ticklish a question to be trifled with. The fact that this is the third system to be applied in nine years' time is reason enough for it to be regarded as lasting.

▸▸*Farm Relief and Tariff*

THE SENATE'S SURRENDER on the export debenture plan was not unconditional. The movement to include debentures in the tariff bill foreshadows another controversy. Since the House is overwhelmingly opposed to debentures, small hope can be entertained of incorporating them into the tariff bill. The purpose of debenture advocates is perhaps rather to draw a deadly parallel between collecting from the Treasury a bounty on exports and collecting from

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the consumer a bounty on imports.

Protests from foreign countries against proposed tariff increases continue to flood the State Department. Although tariff revision was undertaken ostensibly in their interests, the farmers' uneasiness lest increases in rates on manufactured products offset those on agricultural commodities is reflected in Senator Borah's unsuccessful effort to restrict revision to agricultural schedules. The growing hostility of the consumer is manifest in a petition, signed by thousands, forwarded from the Middle West in protest against higher rates. Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania finds the rates for metals, glass, and other products of his State "satisfactory," but otherwise there has been little praise of the House revision.

Much of the farmer's antagonism to the tariff may be placated if it can be shown that his interests can be fully protected under the new farm relief law, enacted in the form the President desired. The gigantic task of making the measure work now rests on the Administration. The law assumes that the farm problem is primarily one of marketing, but the marketing problem plainly proceeds from over-production. Will a Federal Farm Board be better able than the individual farmer to solve the economic riddle posed by surpluses in virtually all the major crops merely by providing, with $500,000,000 of public funds, a new marketing system? If not, what pressure will it be able to bring upon the individual farmer to reduce his acreage? No Administration in recent years has shouldered a greater economic task than this.

▸▸*Party Disunity*

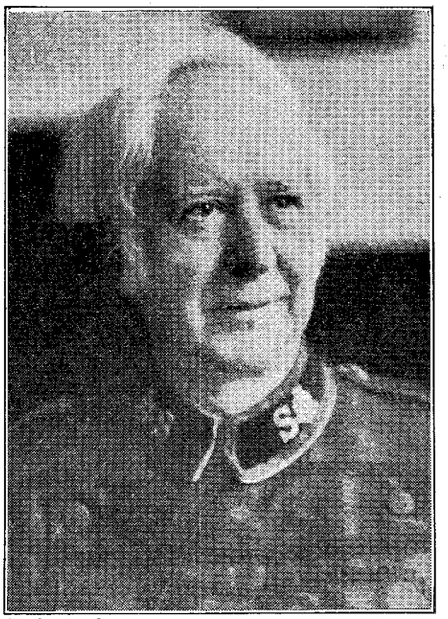
If the Democrats cannot endure many more "harmony" dinners like that in honor of Jouett Shouse, the Republicans cannot endure many more special sessions of Congress.

Western Republicans, including many who gave yeoman service during the campaign, have assailed the President's agricultural program and deserted him in two major legislative contests. They have also denounced the tariff plans of the "Old Guard" and threatened another rebellion.

Increasingly they seem to suspect that Hoover's election did not end what they denounce as subordination of agricultural to industrial interests. They comment sarcastically on the President's pledge to place agriculture on an equality with industry. They hold him responsible for not curbing the House appetite for increased tariff rates.

One of the President's few defenders has been Senator Allen of Kansas. Senate stalwarts—Watson, Fess, Smoot, Capper, Bingham and the rest—sat silent or slipped away as he faced the fire of sharpshooters like Borah, Brookhart, and Carraway. Reed of Pennsylvania led the fight to reject the President's plea for repeal of national origins. Leader Watson disappeared while the vote was being taken, and again the President suffered a legislative reverse.

The President may find some solace



Underwood

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH
Son of founder, and former leader of Salvation Army, who recently died in London

in the disunity among his party's opponents. Democrats who attended the dinner to Mr. Shouse were denounced by the Simmons-Cannon-Heflin faction as deserters who had accepted Smith-Raskob leadership. Though some Southerners came to the table, none dared mention the leader who polled 16,000,000 votes last fall. Tammany's prominent chieftains—Senator Wagner excepted—remained away. Chairman Raskob's promise of funds and a permanent headquarters at Washington stirred little enthusiasm. How much, may be judged from a speech subsequently delivered in the House by one diner, Assistant Whip Box of the Hoovercratish State of Texas.

The Raskob régime, he declared, would have the party abandon its fight for individualism, for a just distribution of taxation, for a moderate tariff. It seeks to "change the party into an instrument of the Association Opposed to Prohibition," and of groups hostile to immigration restriction. His denunciation, it appears, represents a threat as serious to Democratic rehabilitation as the threat of Republican Insurgent economics is to the success of the Administration.

▸▸*The Census of 1930*

The new census measure, besides authorizing a counting of the population, provides for automatic and painless reapportionment of House seats henceforth. After each census, beginning with that of 1930, the President shall inform Congress how many members each State is entitled to under reapportionment of "the then existing number of Representatives"—at present 435. He must also submit three choices for Congress to take in reapportionment under the new census: the last-used system, the "major-fractions" method, and the "equal-proportions" plan.

Should Presidential urging fail to move Congress to keep its House in order, each State becomes entitled to the number of members shown in the method of reallocation used in the "last preceding reapportionment." The change becomes effective after the next census tabulation, and lasts until a new reapportionment measure is enacted.

The census enumerators will begin ringing doorbells on May 1, the House winning out in its demand for postponement from November, 1929, to the Spring. Rural members maintained that the Autumn count would find everybody present in cities but not in small towns and farming districts. The job is to be completed in eight months.

The census measure calls for a "census" of population, irrigation, drainage, distribution, unemployment, and mines. Beginning with 1935, and every ten years thereafter, there is provided a census of agriculture and livestock. This shall show acreage of farm land and of the principal crops, as well as the number and value of domestic animals on farms and ranges.

Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce says that investigation of the distribution of merchandise, with ascertainment of channels through which commodities flow and classes of purchasers to which they appeal, will present the first picture of a mass-producing and mass-buying people. It is expected to disclose shifts and growths

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in markets for manufacturer, wholesaler, and retailer.

▸▸*Luxury for the Masses*

HAVING HELPED make it possible for one person in every five to own a car, Henry Ford seems about to make it possible for everyone to ride in taxis. His entrance into the taxi field is not unexpected; his diminutive cabs were shown at an automobile show early this year. At present they are too small to meet the requirements of many cities in number of seats and size of trunk compartment, but both the cabs and the requirements can and doubtless will be modified. It is understood that the purchase price for Ford cabs will be lower than those of other cabs and that rates therefore will be lower too.

In New York, at least, their rates may be very low indeed, if they are to meet the rates of competitors. The plan of a cut-rate taxi company to place 5,000 full-sized cabs in the streets on a basis of 20 cents for the first mile and 15 cents for each succeeding mile has set New Yorkers wondering just how many automobiles their streets will hold. The standard rate for cabs now is 30 cents for the first mile and 20 cents thereafter. While no one rebels at the prospect of cheaper transportation, in all large cities there are serious considerations of safety, reliability, and traffic congestion which cannot be slighted while cheers go up for lower fares.

But Ford taxis, instead of thickening traffic, might thin it out; three of them occupy the space necessary for two cabs of regulation size. Possibly they will turn the present trend toward larger, more luxurious vehicles and set the style for smaller cabs. Since a survey in New York City showed that more than half the cabs at busy traffic points have but one passenger, it might be wise for taxi designers to recall the tiny "Monoplace" cab of Paris, which lands its single occupant a bit breathlessly but with a dexterity undreamed of in six-cylinder America.

▸▸*Help Wanted*

THE ARTS COME OUT of the garret. Some, snugly housed and well-fed, thanks to general interest in them, are not only paying their bills but playing the market. To read of the despairing Hungarian writer, who, having but ten cents to his name, committed suicide, is to read a leaf from yesteryear.

More typical of today is the formation of the Green Roomers, an organization founded to assist the first flights of creators. It promises much for the future of the arts in America that there are so many progressives willing to give everything a hearing, so many who realize that today's noise may be tomorrow's music, today's ugliness tomorrow's beauty.

The purchase and exhibition of modern art would afford a productive field for at least one progressive organization. Our national art center, the Metropolitan Museum in New York, is forced, by its very nature and function, to be conservative in buying the work of living artists. Meanwhile, meritorious experimental painters and sculptors, lacking the authoritative endorsement of such an institution, often fail to command wide recognition or adequate prices.

A junior Metropolitan, situated, say, in New York or Washington, and buying the work of living artists exclusively, would fill a conspicuous need. It would not only help artists financially; it would increase their prestige and bring their work effectively before a wide audience which today overlooks or underestimates it. It might well be a waiting-room for the Metropolitan, as the Luxembourg Museum is for the Louvre. Becoming a focal point for visitors from the forty-eight States, it should invigorate each generation's interest in its best painting and sculpture.

Remarkable Remarks

One baby means more to a good woman than ten careers. Sometimes she does not know it until she gets the baby.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Good sportsmanship may be an excellent virtue in the abstract, but the wife who really wants to keep her husband would do better to practice up on hysterics.—ELSIE MCCORMICK.

We cannot suppose that men and women will suddenly cease to use their sex functions.—REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

It is true that we do not live in a fool proof world.—REV. FRED WILCOCK.

There is entirely too much emphasis on getting somewhere by working your head off.—HARRY HANSEN.

There is only one test for good gin. Shake up the bottle. If the bubbles aren't square then the gin is good.—"BUGS" BAER.

Prohibition has nothing to lose by the full and fair reporting of all the facts.—DR. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

Say what do you know about Owen Young getting those hyenas to agree? Remember, boys, he is a Democrat; don't try to claim him, you Republicans.—WILL ROGERS.

You can search through the Senate without finding a Solomon; we have no athlete today as great as Goliath; no marksman as accurate as David.—SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR WILBUR.

Congress could save a lot of trouble with the farmer by repealing the law of supply and demand. —EDWARD HOPE.

▸▸*In Brief*

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS insist that German reparations and Allied debts to the United States are unrelated, despite the obvious fact that the two scarcely could be more closely related without being identical twins . . . . Mr. Graustein, of the press and power industry, points out that it is the International Paper Company, not the International Paper and Power Company, which has assisted in financing newspapers. Newspapers are not partly controlled by the Paper and Power Company; they are partly controlled by a company controlled by the Paper and Power Company—is that it? . . . . As for that students' riot at the University of Mexico, it is impossible to imagine a demonstration of the sort at a good American institution, like Brown, for example, or the University of Des Moines . . . . Asking that tariff duties be fixed on the basis of American values, Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor declares that because of the influx of foreign goods "industry after industry is shutting down plants and throwing thousands of workers out of employment." As for instance, Mr. Woll? . . . . Senator Brookhart talks of a "progressive" candidate for President to save the farmers. Apparently he forgets that the farmers usually vote for the Republican candidate for President, whether he is progressive or not . . . . Those who have never seen Broadway, but who think of it as a street all compact of gaiety and gold, may be saddened to learn that the Broadway association asks the city for cleaner pavements and sidewalks, as well as a coat of paint on refuse receptacles . . . . The Supreme Court, it is said, needs a new building. Unfortu-

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nately, there have been signs of late that it may need a little rebuilding . . . . Count that day lost whose low, descending sun does not hear newsboys shouting that the Prince of Wales has just become engaged . . . . Owen D. Young declares that it is difficult to appraise the contributions made by American members of the reparations committee. It is not difficult to see that the outstanding contribution was made by Owen D. Young.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE NEVER PLACED much stock in all this fulsome but foolish talk about the House being the more efficient and industrious of the two branches of Congress, so we are not surprised that several untoward events have proved it to be the most impoverished lot of leaders and legislators in many, many years. We share President Hoover's reputed view that the Longworth-Tilson-Snell brand of leadership is a liability instead of the asset he had counted it when the Presidency was young. If Mr. Hoover emerges from his first clashes with the men on Capitol Hill with a divided, disputatious Senate and a resentful House, it is due in no small part to the gusto with which House bosses, particularly Mr. Snell of New York, aggravated the President's own mistakes.

The House, we recall, early resolved to stand by the President right or wrong, and if several White House agents such as Franklin Fort of New Jersey and Walter Newton of Minnesota hoped thereby to cop personal glory and advancement none could hold them culpable for such a worthy ambition. The three leaders, we hear, long ago set their hearts on a Senatorial nomination, for, though they affect to despise the upper chamber, each would like to swagger in it. Mr. Snell and Mr. Tilson, we happen to know, have yearned these many years for promotion, but each suffers so from timidity that he dare not stake what he has for what he wishes. We think we understand their distrust of a State-wide election, however, since Mr. Snell's biennial return is assured by a backwoods constituency which, like himself, distrusts change of any kind. Mr. Tilson, though a thorn in the hide of the tough G. O. P. elephant of Connecticut, comes back through the grace of a wealthy and influential New Haven politician. Mr. Longworth, of course, occupies an enviable social and political position, although it would be even more eminent if he and Alice could order things and people as they please; but for all his fiddling dilettantism, the sportive "Nick" would seek the Senate if he thought that God-fearing Ohio would condone his wetness and those droll songs of Harvard freshman days.

On their recent statesmanship, however, they will not soon climb the political ladder. Mr. Snell, whose elevation could be accomplished only by Presidential hoisting, has been in the bad graces of the White House ever since he scoffed at Mr. Hoover's presumption in establishing a patronage triumvirate for New York that did not include himself. But his lack of political savvy was impressed on the White House even more vividly, we hear, in the struggle over the farm "bounty." It was the belligerent Mr. Snell who served formal notice on the Senate that the House would not tolerate its usurpation of the lower body's revenue-raising prerogatives through introduction of the debenture idea into the farm relief bill. Mr. Tilson, as always, shared the President's desire to keep this controversial issue out of the Senate-House fight, and Longworth, although he sympathized with Snell, was too diplomatic to prolong the dispute. Eventually Mr. Snell was forced to surrender, but the rural Representative succumbed so ungraciously that he enraged both Republican and Democratic Senators. Except for his indiscretions, we understand, Mr. Hoover would have scored a clean-cut victory in the second debenture vote. What we hear of the President's reaction to two defeats in a month leads us to conclude that Mr. Snell must look elsewhere for a prop.

Kirby in the New York World

"No liquor was found in the car"

The President was also pained, we hear, by his leaders' handling of the tariff measure. We cannot question their loyalty to the Administration, yet we do not understand why they railroaded through under gag rule a measure that disregards the Presidential demand for "limited revision," affronts the farmers and threatens an unwelcome increase in the cost of living.

A month ago we would not have ventured this prediction, but now we would not be surprised if the bill suffers defeat in the Senate through a combination of Democrats and Progressives. In any event, its passage will present to Mr. Hoover the choice of vetoing and discrediting his own party's tariff measure—a heinous offense in a Republican President—or of signing a document not so dissimilar from that which propelled William Howard Taft along the path to Armageddon. Nobody here attempts to explain the motives of the House leaders, not even themselves.

We do not think it quite fair, however, to single out this hale but harassed trio for criticism. To our mind, the whole Republican membership furnished ample proof in its consideration of reapportionment that it needs nobody to lead the way in making mistakes. In three hours of childish play Northern Republicans undid the work of years and neutralized all the good that Al Smith's candidacy had done the G. O. P. below the Mason and Dixon line. We pass over the unsightly scenes, the rude exchanges of "boos" and catcalls that punctuated fiery speeches reminiscent of reconstruction days. The bad taste and ungentlemanly conduct of that afternoon were almost unbelievable. What impresses us is the prediction of politicians that the temporary adoption of the amendment reducing Congressional quotas for Southern States which disfranchise the negro, has closed the Democratic ranks again. Though Republican propagandizers preach Southern reformation until they are "lily white" in the face, we are told that the antics of the Longworth-Tilson-Snell boys sent shivers down the spines of many a follower of Tom Heflin, Furnifold Simmons and Bishop Cannon.

A. F. C.

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Complexities of Crime

An Editorial by Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

THE MOST important fact about the problem of crime is that it is really several problems. There is no single cause, no single cure. Indeed, crime will never be completely cured. Like disease it cannot be eradicated, only lessened. Even this will require careful study, hard work, long patience, and the sacrifice of cherished but outgrown American traditions.

The campaign of society against crime falls into four stages, of which the first and most important is the prevention of wrong doing by potential offenders. For this purpose we need to know as much as possible about the past life of actual offenders. Popular imagination visualizes all criminals as resembling some well-known, hardened crook, and is apt to regard fear of the law as the only effective deterrent. The facts indicate an immense variety in offenders—professional crooks, homicidal maniacs, feeble-minded persons unsuited to ordinary tasks, men in matrimonial tangles, bookkeepers in sudden financial straits, adventurous youth untrained for honest occupations or resentful of the humdrum of modern industry. To counteract such varying tendencies before they ripen into crime requires a wide range of methods. Doubtless fear of the law is one method, which would be more effective if punishment were made swifter and surer, but it is often bound to fail. For example, it has no operation upon the jealous husband who kills his wife and then himself, and not much upon the gangster who knows that the rival gang will get him tomorrow unless he eliminates them today. Additional forces besides fear are needed to counteract the strong emotions which lead to crime—passion, greed, long-standing habits of lawlessness. To make law breaking dangerous is worth while, but it is better still to make it unattractive and unnatural. This may necessitate alteration of both the potential criminal and his environment.

We can learn a great deal about criminals by considering ourselves. Why do we usually obey the law? Not from fear alone. If the statutes against murder and theft were all repealed, most of us would not start killing and stealing. And other statutes serve us as guides rather than threats. Our closest contact with law is the traffic policeman. It is not his power to impose penalties which makes most of us follow his signals. If all the automobilists whom he holds up chose to disregard him, he would be helpless. A hundred cars would speed by while he was arresting one or two drivers. We obey him because we know that this is the surest way to get traffic satisfactorily managed. We accept temporary inconvenience because we dislike the alternative. Belief in law is the strongest guarantee of obedience. The President has done well to arouse us to the importance of this principle.

On the other hand, think of the laws which we do violate. Mr. Hoover has not yet taken the opportunity to discuss fully the reasons which lead many otherwise respectable citizens to participate in such offenses as restraint of trade, smuggling, bootlegging, overspeeding, and the violation of obscenity statutes. The social need served by law in this situation is less clear and less widely recognized than for the long-established crimes. In the absence of this belief in a social need, fear alone does not offset the gains from violation. Here again our own mental attitude should help us to understand the motives of the criminals whom we want to suppress. In these situations, the unconvinced minority is much larger than in robbery or embezzlement. This increases the difficulty of law enforcement but does not necessarily alter the psychology.

It is often argued that the essential respect for law cannot be secured for statutes which have excited large opposition, and that they should therefore be repealed. It is said by a group of influential lawyers attacking prohibition: "Practices which do not shock the moral sense of society cannot in a true sense be converted into crime by legislative declaration promoted by one part of society against the wishes of another. Crime, like law, cannot be *made,* but must be *found.*" This argument is as much of a half-truth as the opposed reasoning that laws, however unwise, will be effective just because they are law. The rapidly changing conditions of industry and population are continually creating new social needs which require legal protection before they are popularly recognized. If the existence of a large body of dissentients were a conclusive argument against a criminal statute, then vaccination, factory legislation, bank inspection, and tenement-house laws would never have been possible. Very often the enactment of a social need into law creates in time the popular recognition of the need.

I do not mean that wide-spread opposition to a law is a factor to be ignored. It should lead us to weigh very carefully the alleged need of the community for the law. Is this need really so great as to be worth a long period of inadequate enforcement? The gain may overbalance the inevitable accompanying evils of disrespect of law, or it may not. Each case must be judged on its own merits and cannot be decided by general principles one way or the other.

The inculcation of respect for law must largely be accomplished by agencies outside the law. It is the task of schools, newspapers, churches, and parents. Another important non-legal factor also influences crime, namely, the economic situation. The criminal classes may be recruited from men thrown out of legitimate jobs by unemployment or the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and from boys who have gone into blind-alley jobs which offer neither advancement nor satisfaction so that they drift gradually into more remunerative lawless pursuits. Vocational guidance may eliminate much of this last cause. High wages are not in themselves a cure for crime, for few lawful occupations offer at the start the income which a youth may gain from thieving or bootlegging.

(Please Turn to Page 352)

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Professor Chafee, of the Harvard Law School, deals with the complexities of the task that confronts Mr. Hoover's law enforcement commission. Professor Henry Norris Russell, director of the Princeton Observatory, will be the next contributor

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

A genius helpless outside his own kingdom of music, absent-minded, impractical, violent; deafness preventing him from further conducting; yet with his faculties working with a glorious freedom seldom attained by any other artist; such is Mr. Schauffler's portrait of the masterful Beethoven in the following pages

IN 1818, during his summer at Mödling, Beethoven received a present. It was a Broadwood pianoforte from the English makers. Scratched beside the keyboard were the names of England's leading virtuosi: Cramer, Knyvelt, Kalkbrenner, Ferrari and Ries. The instrument was admitted by the Austrian authorities free of duty.

Beethoven was delighted. In his most elegant French, he wrote a letter of thanks promising to regard the piano "as an altar on which I shall present to the divine Apollo the highest offerings of my spirit."

When told it was out of tune he replied with the characteristic suspicion of the deaf: "That's what they all say. They would like to tune it and spoil it; but they shan't touch it." Woe however to any piano that Beethoven himself touched. A contemporary reports that at this period the Master attacked the keyboard so savagely, he broke from twenty to thirty strings each time he played. And, a few years later, to show Stein that certain strings needed replacing in this very instrument, he actually hammered its keys with a bootjack.[1]

The same suspicion and violence which he showed toward his pianos was often turned against his servants. In 1816 he gave Peter Simrock pencil and paper and told him to write down everything personal or confidential, as the servant was an eavesdropper. But when Simrock called again a few days later, the Master said, "Now we can talk, for I've given my servant five gulden, a kick in the rear, and sent him to the devil." In connection with one of these domestic dramas some unidentified hand wrote in one of the small tablets called "Conversation Books," the following sage counsel: "Don't beat her! You might have trouble with the police."

Communication with the Master had now to be carried on by means of these "Conversation Books," in which the deaf man's answers are, naturally, seldom found. A page transcribed from one of them (November-December 1819) will give some idea of the intellectual quality of the usual talk that went on in his rooms.

Goethe says the spot on which a good man has set his foot remains consecrated for all time.

Today he cut open his frozen toe.

Roast veal *(Kälbernes)* with some ham and tongue.

If only every one could understand and appreciate your love for your nephew.

The dog is missing.

If you lose the book they'll lock me up.

For all eternity.

There are fresh oysters.

WHEN INSPIRATION seized him he would run out hatless and coatless, perhaps before dawn, and wander about the fields and woods in an oblivious frenzy of creation. Often he returned late at night cold, wet and famished. In 1820 Wilhelm Müller called on him at Mödling. The housekeeper said that Beethoven had gone out walking early, and he might return that evening,—or perhaps in three days. After such exposure he was capable of the inconsistency of objecting to rooms opening upon a garden because "garden air is precisely the worst sort for me."

Small wonder his health suffered. In the years from 1818 to 1823 he complained of gout, rheumatism, jaundice, pain in the ears and failing eyesight. It is sad to think how much torture, how many unborn masterpieces and how many decades of life he might have saved by observing the most elementary physical prudence.

Small wonder that many thought the worst of his intelligence. In 1819 Zelter wrote to Goethe: "Some say he is a fool. That is soon said: God forgive us all our trespasses!"

The following year Beethoven, in all seriousness, invented a delightful euphemism for his own language when violent and abusive. It was a gem of rationalization. "Now and then," he remarked to Wilhelm Müller, "I let drop a hearty, free word. On that account people think me mad." Perhaps his often childlike impracticality may have influenced what people thought. On September 27, 1821, the author of "Man, help thyself!" wrote to an unknown correspondent in great distress, for aid in selling one of his bank shares. But on the wrapper he scribbled: "You'll easily see what sort of a commercial genius I am. After the enclosed letter was written, I talked over this matter of the share, with a friend. He showed me at once that one has only to cut off a coupon and therewith the whole matter is at an end."

This helpless side of the man—the side which had to do with everything non-musical—comes out vividly in his correspondence. Reading it, one thinks of him as a sort of Nineteenth Century Don Quixote, three parts sane, super-Sanchoed, first by Krumpholz whom he nicknamed "My Fool;" then by poor faithful Zmeskall, "the Music Count," "Baron Greedygut," "Your Zmeskality;" then by "Papageno" Schindler, the "Samothracian ragamuffin;" finally by Holz, that "Splinter of the True Cross."

"Alas! Poor Knight! Alas!
Poor soul possest!"

HE AND HIS faithful Sanchos were rarely out of such troubles as normal common sense might easily have averted. He freed music. Himself he could not free from the bondage of his absent-mindedness, his lack of practical common sense and his dangerous temperament.

But the writing was a different matter. In all his chief works from now to the premature end we find his faculties working with such a glorious freedom as scarcely any other artist has ever attained. This is not to say that he was fluent. Beethoven was never that, on paper, least of all in these later years, when he was increasingly

1. This may have been the utensil which Schuppanzigh saw put to another novel use in 1823. "Milford" came into the deaf man's room unobserved. Beethoven had his back to the door and was using a bootjack as if it were an enormous tuning-fork, striking it against the wall and then holding it close to his ears to try and detect the after vibrations. It throws an unpleasant light on the fat man's character that he went and retailed this pathetic incident "with humor and sarcastic observations," (Frimmel: *Beethoven Handbuch*, Vol. 11, p. 163.)

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bothered by inertia in beginning a new composition. But once the momentum was up he now found himself stimulated, not hampered, by the formal, technical side of his art. He could freely utter his profound mind and pour out his great heart, because he was now at last an emancipated artist, in full command of his medium.

The three sonatas which end the immortal series of thirty-two for piano are in remarkable contrast to that monumental concert-piece, the "Hammerklavier." They are intimate and personal, in a sort of string-quartet style, with a tinge of improvisation. They have forgotten both the virtuoso and his ways, and the old strict outlines of sonata-form. In fact, they are called sonatas only by a somewhat liberal stretch of courteous imagination. All three were done in the intervals of toil upon the "Missa Solemnis," which was begun in 1818. And they have much in common with that gigantic work.

The E major sonata[1] was written in 1820. It is a fantasia sonata, lyrical in mood, in which the passionate unrest of the sonata-form *prestissimo* which does duty as scherzo heightens the happy grace of the opening movement and the calm, serene, reassuring loveliness of the closing variations.

Ex. 1.

Behrend calls the A flat[2] a "memory sonata," because of some of its themes to those in earlier works.[3] Its *arioso dolente* is the grievously poignant utterance of a man on the downward slope, deaf, ailing, suspicious, mateless, who felt unjustly neglected as an artist and convinced that all the world was banded against him as a man.

The fugue *finale* is one of the most satisfying contrapuntal pieces in all the sonatas. It is as if the monumental majesty of Bach and the poetic magic of Brahms had met mid-way.

But there could be no more fitting end for the great thirty-two than the C minor sonata.[4] This two-movement work has no *scherzo,* but each movement offers a supreme example of its own type. Beethoven created both of these types, and his supremacy in them has never since been threatened.

Ex. 2.

The principal theme of the *allegro con brio ed appassionato,*

"Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,"

is one of the most portentously powerful melodies in music. While the *arietta,* with a naïve simplicity as of folk-music, makes one listener think of those words of St. Paul: "I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, ... how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory."

Consider the opening portion of the sublime theme. (Ex. 2.)

This movement brings the last sonata to a perfectly satisfying completion. Any addition is unthinkable. Yet poor Schindler is said to have asked Beethoven why he did not write a brilliant fast ending. And the publisher, too, made it clear that this is what he had expected.

Nobody can justly blame them. For, even after the lapse of a century, it remains true that the listener who can easily cope with the earliest piano sonatas at a first or second hearing, requires years of persistence, good-will and intelligent sympathy to enter freely into the spirit of the thirty-second.

From the sublimities of the C minor to the ridiculous was but a step. Early one morning in 1820 Beethoven rose with his mind full of the sonatas and the "Missa," slipped into a ragged old coat and set out for a hatless walk. By evening he was famished and had lost his way. Still deep in thought, he was arrested as a vagabond.

"I am Beethoven," he declared.

"Sure, why not indeed?" mocked the policeman. "You're a tramp, that's what you are. Beethoven doesn't look like that." (This idealist among policemen resembled such painters as Neugass, and such writers as M. Romain Rolland, who have insisted on attributing to the squat, ugly and highly human little Master, a Jovian front, a Roman toga, and the character of a seraph.)

The captive was put in jail for the night, but made such a hullabaloo hour after hour that he forced them to get the police commissioner out of bed, who aroused the Musical Director of the *Wiener Neustadt,* who identified the turbulent jail-bird as Beethoven. Whereupon the man who had not only received the freedom of the city, but free lodging at the expense of the city,

1. Op. 109.
2. Op. 110, written in 1821.
3. Mr. Schauffler's book contains two startling discoveries about the origin of themes from this sonata.
4. Op. 111.

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was sent home in state by the burgomaster in the magisterial coach.

Perhaps as a salutary consequence of this farcical episode, the Vienna policemen of today know more about musical celebrities than they did in 1820. One moonlight evening last year a Viennese lady undertook to show the writer Beethoven's famous place of residence, the Pasqualati House. But what she pointed out did not look like the well-known pictures.

Recourse was had to one of Vienna's famously cultured and polite policemen. He smiled and said that the building was Schubert's *Dreimäderlhaus*. Then he led the way around the corner to No. 8 *Mölker Bastei*. And with a gallant "Kiss the hand!" to the lady and "I have the honor to recommend myself" to her escort, left us to a study of the tablet commemorating the birth of the Fourth, Fifth and Eighth symphonies, the Rasoumowsky quartets and the Violin concerto.

Such is real fame. One tried to imagine what response would issue from a Parisian *gendarme*, a London Bobby or one of New York's "finest" if asked, respectively, about the home of César Franck, Milton's tomb or Poe's cottage.

Ignaz von Seyfried reported at first hand in the florid style of his day the Master's intensely concentrated mode of life.

"From the first sunbeam to dinner time, the whole morning was consecrated to mechanical toil, namely writing his music down. The rest of the day was given over to thought and the ordering of his ideas. The last mouthful had scarcely entered his lips when—in case he had no longer excursion in mind—he began his usual promenade. That is to say, he ran on the double-quick a couple of times round about the city as though he were being stung. Whether it rained, snowed, or hailed, whether the thermometer showed sixteen degrees of cold, whether the north wind puffed his cheeks out and blew his icy breath across Bohemia's frontiers, whether the thunder roared, the lightning's zigzag cut the air, a gale howled or Phœbus's heat-rays fell direct on the skull;—what difference did all this make to the consecrated one who carried his God in his own heart and for whose spirit, perhaps, in the very midst of the elements' uproar, the mild springtide of paradise was blooming?"[1]

"Only the artist," Beethoven once wrote, "or the emancipated scholar carry their own happiness about inside themselves."

In 1821 Sir John Russell visited Vienna, saw Beethoven and wrote vividly about him: "His eye is full of turbulent energy. His hair which seems to have remained for years out of touch with comb or scissors, shades his broad brow in an abundance and disorder with which only the snakes about the Gorgon's head can be compared. . . . Friendliness and affability do not lie in his character except when in a circle of trusted intimates. . . . Even his oldest friends must always obey his will as though he were a spoiled child."

At this time, reported the Englishman, Beethoven never played the piano for people unless he were tricked into it. Sir John and Beethoven both dined one evening with a close friend of the latter. At a preconcerted signal every one left the musician and his host alone together. Now the composer could hear music better than speech. While carrying on a written conversation with him about finance, the clever friend touched the piano keys as if by accident, then began to play one of Beethoven's own compositions, intentionally making such glaring blunders that Beethoven finally condescended to stretch out his hand and correct one of them. Once on the keys, his hand remained. On some pretext his friend left the room. Beethoven absent-mindedly sat down at the piano, played a few desultory chords and gradually lost himself in a half-hour's improvisation. Of course the whole company listened breathlessly in the open doorway.

TWO PEN SKETCHES

Drawn about seven years before Beethoven's death by Joseph Daniel Boehm

"The enthusiasts were carried away," wrote Sir John. "For the uninitiated it was all the more interesting to notice how the music translated itself from the man's soul to his features. . . . His facial muscles swelled and his veins stood out; the doubly wild eye rolled in twice as fine a frenzy, the mouth twitched, and Beethoven looked like a sorcerer who feels himself overpowered by the very spirits whom he has conjured up."

In 1822 Rossini, the popular musical idol of the day, visited the Master whom his own reputation had thrown somewhat into the shade. Beethoven received him pleasantly enough, described himself as *"un infelice"* (an unhappy one), and advised Rossini that he would be doing violence to his destiny if he tried his hand "at anything but *opera buffa*."

Overcome by Beethoven's apparently wretched poverty, the generous "Swan of Pesaro" tried to raise a subscription for him. But every one declined with much the same remark: "He is a misanthrope, cranky, and can't keep friends."

After this call Beethoven remarked: "Rossini is a good scene-painter. . . . He would have been a great composer if—" and he roughly outlined the painful and humiliating discipline which the Italian's music teacher should have applied to an inconsidered portion of his anatomy. However, despite his low opinion of the Italian as an absolute musician, Beethoven occasionally condescended, as we have seen, to imitate Rossini's cruder popular effects.

In November, 1822, "Fidelio" was revived; and soon conquered, and held, a high place in the affections of the German-speaking peoples. Beethoven tried to conduct the dress rehearsal. But he was now so deaf that he repeatedly threw everything into confusion. No one dared approach him until Schindler ventured to hand him a note: "I beg you not to go on; will explain at home."

Like a flash Beethoven sprang into the parterre saying only "Out quickly!"

1. Translated from Leitzmann, Ludwig van Beethoven, "Berichte der Zeitgenossen," 1921, Vol. II, p. 47.

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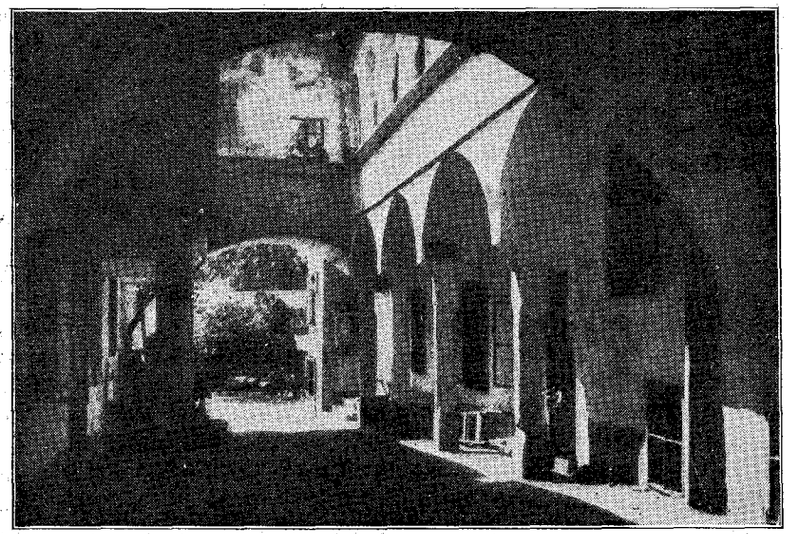

COURTYARD OF A HOUSE IN MODLING
A favorite summer resort of Beethoven

And fairly ran to his house. "There," writes Schindler, "he threw himself upon the sofa, covered his face with both hands, and stayed so until we sat down at table. But not a sound did he utter during the meal. His whole figure was the image of deepest melancholy and despondency."

A tragic situation. His last direct *rapport* with his public roughly snapped. But he was suffering from something even less supportable. As Mr. Grace points out: "One cannot but feel that the real tragedy lay in the fact that at this period, when his powers were at their height, he was so beset with hindrances (many of them avoidable) as to be unable to make the most of his gifts. Probably he alone was fully aware of the discrepancy between his powers and the quantity of his output; and the knowledge must have been an added touch of bitterness to a cup already full."[1] This knowledge it was that gave the agonizing poignancy to the *arioso dolente* of the A flat sonata, and to that music which was presently to cry to heaven from the opening movement of the Choral symphony.

"In order to write true church music, look up and go through all the church chorales of the monks, etc."

Beethoven scribbled this reminder in a "Sketch Book" of 1818. He had just heard that the Archduke Rudolph was in a year or so to be made Archbishop of Olumütz. So he started his Mass in D[2] with a view to having it performed at the installation ceremony. This ceremony took place almost two years later, but the *Missa Solemnis,* as he called it, was far from ready. Beethoven toiled on it more or less continuously for half a decade.

The delay was probably fortunate for the success of Rudolph's ceremonial. His composer friend was decidedly neither an ecclesiastical nor a vocal writer. When he wandered half a dozen paces into either of these fields he became as submerged in his own purely instrumental thoughts as the day he started to accompany the van of his furniture into the country and promptly forgot all about it.

For vans, voices and churches his sympathies did not blaze brightly. The reason he made things so uncomfortable for all three was not lack of knowledge but lack of the love which breeds consideration. Hence the fatiguing length of the *Missa* and its loose adaptation to the precise time-table of the church service. Hence those ghastly difficulties for some of the voices which made a singer once call him to his face "tyrant over all the vocal organs."

Beethoven was not as close to the Mass text as many suppose. In his ignorance of Latin he had to have the words translated for him into German. Though he was religious in the sense that he had constructed his own religion, his heart did not warm to the less spiritual aspects of ecclesiasticism. There were even affirmations in the *Credo* which he must have actively disbelieved. So it is hard to see how he could have entered into the composition of the *Missa* with that whole-hearted, enthusiastic conviction which is necessary for the greatest works of art.

The leading items of Beethoven's personal *Credo* were: self-reliant strength, goodness, beauty as shown in nature and art, and a supreme being who exemplified and fostered all these. In the finer parts of the *Missa* such a belief blazes forth in a Beethovian way.

Realizing perhaps that a task like this presented peculiar difficulties to such a man as himself, he plunged into it with a kind of desperate abandon. In a "Sketch Book" he admonished himself: "Once more sacrifice to your art all the little things of social life. O God above all!"

"When I am alone," he once remarked, "I am never alone." And these words apply peculiarly to this period. Schindler testified that never before or after had he seen the Master so detached from earth as in 1819.

"Towards the end of August, accompanied by the musician Johann Horsalka, still living in Vienna, I arrived at the master's home in Mödling. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as we entered we learned that in the morning both servants had gone away, and that there had been a quarrel after midnight which had disturbed all the neighbors, because as a consequence of a long vigil both had gone to sleep and the food which had been prepared had become unpalatable. In the living-room, behind a locked door, we heard the master singing parts of the fugue in the *Credo*—singing, howling, stamping. After we had listened a long time to this almost awful scene, and were about to go away, the door opened and Beethoven stood before us with distorted features, calculated to excite fear. He looked as if he had been in mortal combat with the whole host of contrapuntists, his everlasting enemies. His first utterances were confused, as if he had been disagreeably surprised at our having overheard him. Then he reached the day's happenings and with obvious restraint remarked: 'Pretty doings, these! (*Saubere Wirthschaft!*) Everybody has run away and since noon yesterday I haven't had anything to eat!' I tried to calm him and helped him to make his toilet. My companion hurried on in advance to the restaurant of the bathing establishment to have something made ready for the famished Master. Then he complained about the wretched state of his domestic affairs, but here, for reasons already stated, there was nothing to be done. Never, it may be said, did so great an art work as is the *Missa Solemnis* see its creation under more adverse circumstances."

(To Be Continued)

1. "Beethoven," p. 142.
2. Op. 123.

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An Analysis of the Last "Set-Back"

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

THE May 1929 fall in stock prices has taken its place in financial history with other important "set-backs" of the last seven or eight years. The wounds suffered by the speculative community have not yet healed but indications are not lacking that the market is gathering its strength for another offensive.

Veterans of other campaigns explain the losses by the simple assertion that stocks were too high and simply had to come down. This may be true but it is hard to prove. Who on earth can say what is the true value of a common stock? Setting an arbitrary ratio of price to earnings is manifestly impossible. Some issues selling for ten times their 1928 earnings are obviously cheaper than ones selling at five times their earnings for the same period. The character of the management, the possibilities of growth, the threats of competition, the attitude of regulatory bodies, the stability of demand and public taste in securities—all these factors must be given consideration in the appraisal of the securities of each company. Only the future, moreover, can decide whether or not the average price level of all stocks is justified. If industrial prosperity is to continue for another four or five years, the majority of the best known issues are cheap at present levels and were even cheap when they were selling many points higher. If industry is due to slacken, present prices will seem fantastically high before long.

It is safer and more exact to say that stocks fell back for two specific reasons. The first was the fact that speculators were using an exorbitant amount of the country's supply of credit, which is not unlimited. The second was the decline in the price of wheat to less than a dollar a bushel, the lowest level reached by that commodity in fourteen years.

The argument that the recent "money squeeze" was an artificial development engineered by the Federal Reserve authorities is by now thoroughly familiar but however true it may be, it is somewhat beside the point. The constantly swelling total of loans to brokers proved beyond question that more stocks than ever were being carried on margin. Even if the speculative borrowings at the end of April were not excessive, the Reserve officials argued, the temper of the public was such that restrictive measures were necessary to prevent the situation getting completely out of hand. The restrictive measures took the form of sales of Government securities which sucked funds out of the open market, pressure on the member banks to cut down borrowing on securities and recurrent warnings from the Reserve Board itself. This combination irritated and worried speculators for the rise and so weakened the market's structure that it was vulnerable to the shock of the collapse in wheat prices.

The credit situation is improved. Time loan rates, which topped nine per cent six weeks ago, are now materially lower and the call rate, which soared to twenty per cent in February, seems to be fairly well stabilized around seven per cent. Loans to brokers are about $600,000,000 below their peak for the year. Whether or not the improvement in the situation has been sufficient to make present conditions satisfactory the stock market has been justified in taking heart over the size of the reductions in the brokerage loan total because, measured in dollars though not in percentages, it equals the reduction during other notable recessionary periods such as the declines of March 1926 and June 1928. The comparative figures are significant if not conclusive.

Much more important, though, than the exact shrinkage in the loan total is the attitude of the Federal Reserve authorities. They have made it clear that they do not intend to continue badgering the stock market as they did early in the year. The alarm caused by the decline in wheat may have made them more conciliatory. At any rate their attitude has changed.

WHEAT PRICES have contributed to a more optimistic attitude by recovering substantially from their low and the best information is that they will recover still further. The National City Bank, whose pronouncements on the grain situation are of the highest possible standing, ventures the information that "the decline of wheat prices in the last month has been too precipitate. The new crop is not yet made, and much of it has two full months of weather hazards to pass. Allowing that it makes an average crop, it is to be considered that the world crop of 1928 was approximately 350,000,000 bushels larger than the average of the three years next preceding. In view of these figures, an increase of 100,000,000 bushels in the carry-over need not be regarded seriously, for apparently consumption is increasing at a good rate."

The defeat of the debenture plan, moreover, is all to the good. If the Government were to be an active buyer and seller of wheat, the market would be in a constantly nervous position and price movements would be dependent, not as they are now on natural conditions, but on the decision of a group of men in Washington. Under present conditions prices change fairly slowly because crop prospects seldom change over night to any great extent. With the Government exercising enormous purchasing and selling powers, however, rumors of its action might cause terrific ups and downs.

IF THE RESUME above is at all accurate, it is not entirely foolish to buy stocks now and it looks as if there were plenty of buyers around. They are both investors and speculators. Investors may be either institutions or individuals.

For a considerable period the speculators were passive. However cheap stocks may seem, few traders like to buy them until they show signs of buoyancy. There was nothing buoyant about the market during the first week or two of June. Any little rally was invariably checked by a flood of selling. More recently, however, the path upward has appeared to be much easier.

Perhaps the most heartening symptom of the financial district is the close scrutiny now being directed towards industrial conditions. This symptom is heartening for two reasons. In the first place because nearly all the indices of business are bullish and secondly, because the market with its eye on realities is apt to be saner and healthier than one which only is interested in its own technical and psychological position.

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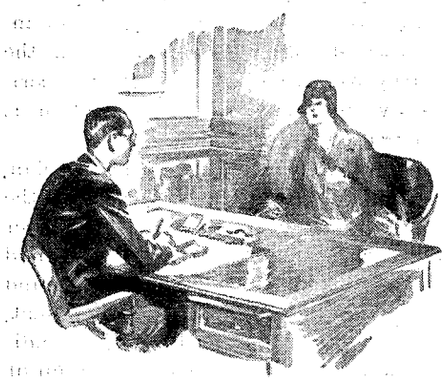
"I convinced her there was no safer way to invest her money"

GENE C. GOULD, President of the San Juan County Bank, Friday Harbor, Washington, tells how he helped a widow to financial independence.



"Mrs. B . . . .'s case was typical."

"MRS. B . . .'s case was typical," said Mr. Gould. "She was a widow. We all know that widows who have been left sums of money in life insurance are particularly good prey for fake stock promoters and high pressure speculation men.

"Mrs. B . . . came to me one day and said: 'Mr. Gould, how can I safely invest this $8,000 from my husband's life insurance? I can live on my present earnings, and I want to invest this surplus for the future.'

"I immediately advised Mrs. B . . . to put her $8,000 in a group of sound bonds, which I selected for her. I convinced her that there was no safer way to invest her money.

"That was twenty years ago," Mr. Gould observed. "Today, Mrs. B . . . hasn't a position—she doesn't need one. By careful investment of the principal and consistent reinvestment of the interest from her $8,000, Mrs. B . . . has a modest competence, and is financially independent.

"I have been pleased to advise many widows, in just such circumstances," Mr. Gould concluded, "and have shown them how to invest their life insurance money in sound, safe securities."

Mr. Gene C. Gould, President of the San Juan County Bank, Friday Harbor, Wash., is a banker held in high esteem by his community. His father was President of the San Juan County Bank before him.

* * *

Throughout America, in communities ranging from large metropolitan centers to small trading centers, bankers who have the confidence of their communities will invariably be found the most ardent advocates of safety as the first, and most important, principle for setting up a serious program of investing. Throughout America, too, bankers favorably know Straus offerings and choose from them for recommendation to investors and for their own reserves.

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Indeed, from the offerings of S. W. Straus & Co., in all these groups of securities, thousands of investors have made their selections, many of them exclusively, for over twenty years and more.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. *Write for Booklet FF-1005 or fill in the coupon below.*

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Shropshire Moods

Precious Bane; Seven for a Secret; The House in Dormer Forest; Armour Wherein He Trusted; Poems and the Spring of Joy. By MARY WEBB: Dutton. Each $2.50.

SINCE the publication of "Precious Bane" (first issued in 1926), and increasingly so since her death, Mary Webb has been regarded as an outstanding realist in modern literature. Even the most casual of her naturally minute observations are sifted through the imagination of a poetic temperament, then recorded in precise prose which gives full expression to her unusual personality. But because the dialect in her novels and the painstaking care for descriptive detail is often difficult reading, there are those who prefer the accurate reporting of our excellent journalists. The difference is one of style, and the importance of Mary Webb's work is the importance of that style.

In a deep shadow of impending tragedy the characters in her novels struggle with the eternal conflict between earthly and spiritual love. That disaster does hang over the lives of these simple country people is apparent both in the background against which they move and in the succession of frustrated hopes which they suffer. Just as youth slips by unrealized and unexpressed, cheated out of existence by poverty and ignorance, so all of life's ambitions are lost in a maze of blind paths which lead now through too much natural beauty and now through too great complexities of human affairs—for nature and emotions and thoughts are all too intense to be understood by these people who live in "the country that lies between the dimpled lands of England and the gaunt purple steeps of Wales—half in Faery and half out of it." These are Shropshire country people, living natural, normal, routine lives. The smallest things seem vitally important; the biggest envelop personalities, mold man and nature into a mood. And this mood is the style of Mary Webb's writing, and the importance of her novels.

While her work ranges in subject from the early England of the First Crusade (the unfinished "Armour Wherein He Trusted") to the stern Victorian period ("The House in Dormer Forest,") the true genius of Mary Webb is to be seen in "Precious Bane" and in "Seven for a Secret," both stories of Shropshire. Time is not essential in these two books; the people in them are typical of their environment, and that alone matters in the telling of their stories.

One of the amusing illustrations from "Noravind" by Dudley Vaill Talcott (Edwin Valentine Mitchell)

Whatever may have been lost or gained by the difficult dialect and the mass of detail, which characterizes the narratives, the poems and essays are done in a direct style which justifies the strongest claims of Mary Webb's achievement in realistic writing. "Poems and the Spring of Joy" is the unself-conscious expression of personal experience. Everywhere in the book "we are caught into the primal beauty of earth, and life flows in upon us like an eagre. Life—the unknown quality, the guarded secret—circles from an infinite ocean through all created things, and turns again to the ocean. This miracle that we eternally question and desire and adore dwells in the comet, in the heart of a bird, and the flying dust of pollen." This is Mary Webb's gospel of earth. Such a synthesis of fact and imagination is too intangible to be analyzed; what matters is its existence.

Between the prose and verse in this volume there are only mechanical, and somewhat superficial, differences, for Mary Webb is fully articulate in either form. Rhyme plays but an incidental part in the poetry, and elsewhere there is a rhythmical effect and a sure sequence of sound. The subjects are the same in both cases. The fine nature studies, grouped as "The Spring of Joy," are reminiscent of the work influenced by the early American scene, yet they are peculiarly native and at the same time variantly akin to the tradition of English landscape poetry. For their own inherent merits and for the insight which they afford into the author's personality, these moods of solitude and reflection are tremendously important. Like all of Mary Webb's work, these essays have a charming individuality; a quiet, reasoned sense of beauty.

J. DANA TASKER

The Week's Reading

John D., a Portrait in Oils. By JOHN K. WINKLER: Vanguard Press. $2.25.

IT IS a painter's privilege to choose an angle from which to work and to omit such details of his subject's aspect as seem to him irrelevant. John K. Winkler writing from the angle of the tabloid press uses only a limited amount of biographical data. So that much which, while it might have made the Rockefeller career more comprehensible, might also have made it less lurid is omitted from this portrait in oils. Winkler

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opens his book with a brief account of Rockefeller's parents: old Doc the medicine man, and his wife, the "strong purposeful woman." The mother saw that her children were "respectful and mannerly and went to church regularly." The father's educational ideal was as follows: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I want to make 'em sharp." Both parents seem to have been very successful teachers. Presumably John D.'s career as a "malefactor of great wealth" and as a church pillar of conspicuous solidity is grounded upon these parental precepts.

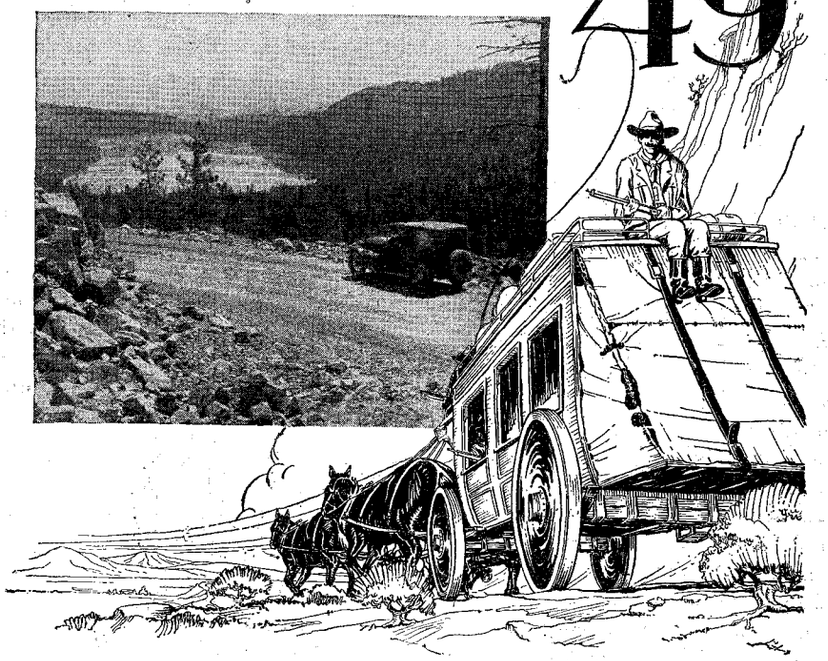
After this introduction, Winkler launches into the Rockefeller career. Its details are striking and he follows them, one presumes, accurately. Quotations from reports and speeches are used freely, as are those more dangerous ones from conversations reported by the tricky or malicious memories of men. Many of the men who were carried along on the flood of golden oil which Rockefeller channeled and controlled are discussed at some length. The book closes with an account of John D. Rockefeller, junior, and his children which caps the climax of a vulgar book's vulgarity. Mr. Winkler writes for that portion of the reading public which has had its taste-buds atrophied, possibly by the all-pervading stench of oil. If you wish to know more about Standard Oil and the Rockefellers than you are obliged to, anyway, buy the book. You will find a bright new dime cutely imbedded in the cover.

An Hour of American Poetry. By Charles Edward Russell: Lippincott. $1.

Three volumes in Lippincott's One Hour series have already been mentioned in these pages. The object of such a series is two-fold. To those who want it, it offers canned culture in palatable doses; to others, the impetus which will carry them back to the sources of the subject discussed. The first of these One Hour volumes, Ford's "The English Novel," could do that. It was stimulating if not always reliable. But the fourth, "An Hour of American Poetry," is pretty dull. On reading it we found nothing to change our belief that Mr. Russell has not the proper qualifications for writing briefly, clearly, intelligently or entertainingly of American poetry. The biographical and bibliographical data is accurate enough and the analyses of metrical structure. But the book shows the lack of that expert knowledge, selective judgment and poetic sensitivity which it would need if it were to tempt readers to the poetry shelves.

Alameda County — the Center of Scenic California

The DAYS of '49



Historic Donner Lake, named for the leader of that ill-fated group of emigrants to California who became marooned by winter in attempting to cross the high Sierras and most of whom perished

BY COVERED wagon, on horseback, on foot, by sailing vessel around the Horn—lured to California by the discovery of gold—came the early pioneers. Where hundreds came then, thousands come today, by automobile, by rail, by airplane, by steamer through the Panama Canal, to work, to play, to live.

Where eighty years ago men battled to win fortunes in the mad, wild life of the mining camps—today is peace, quiet, prosperity, with here and there ghostly remains of settlements which once teemed with activity, rang to the echo of derringer or "six-gun," where to live and die with your "boots on" was the measure of a man.

Draw a semi-circle of two hundred and fifty miles from the principal cities of Alameda County—Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda—and you will include practically all of the territory wherein occurred the hectic life of the Gold Rush period. Within this area is Emigrant Gap, Donner Lake, the Mother Lode Country, Placerville, Sutter's Fort, Rough and Ready, Hangtown, and countless other camps of lurid name and famed in song and story. Here is the Mark Twain and Bret Harte country.

Though placer workings are mainly a thing of the past, quartz mining is still followed on a large scale. Here and there along the rivers and streams can be found some old "sour-dough" with pan or rocker washing sand and gravel to eke out a rather precarious existence with flake gold or an occasional nugget.

Short tours from the cities comprising the "Center of Scenic California" bring you to innumerable places of rare beauty and historical interest. No matter how long you live here there is always something new to see and do. Plan now to visit these cities on the continental side of San Francisco Bay—here is the place for your home, your business, your family. For further information write the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, particularly requesting Booklet No. 13.

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Dark Duel. By MARGUERITE STEEN: Stokes. $2.50.

A NOVEL of Bohemian life in London, with excursions to Paris, is not a novel on a very original theme. Nevertheless, Marguerite Steen manages to inject into her rather trite story a freshness and vitality of characterization and a reality of atmosphere which make hers a thoroughly readable book. London's Bohemia seems to be a great deal cleverer and better bred than ours. Or perhaps it attracts novelists with more poise and detachment and a better literary background. There is no villagey emotionalism in this story. It is really a character study of three women. Alice Amcott, Grannie, is an actress, heroine of the romantic dramas and high social comedies of thirty years ago, and still living her rôles. Hesper is the widow of a man who was once one of Grannie's many husbands, the only one, except the first, who has not continued to be a part of her extraordinary household. Lisa, the granddaughter, is a stage designer, brave, wise and beautiful. Through the lives of these women, thread those of half a dozen assorted men, producers, painters, singers, poets. Two men, Maurice and young Val, are the other sides of Lisa's triangle. The conflict of their characters and loves is subtle and honest. The interest of the book, which is considerable, lies in its sound characterizations and vivid scenes, in its beautifully integrated detail, and in Marguerite Steen's own attitude toward her characters, ironic enough to be vigorous, tender enough to be human.

A Miscellaneous Shelf

Received too late for detailed review

THE CURRENT EFFORT to make science interesting and comprehensible to the layman by means of books written in a popular manner has been especially happy as directed toward medicine. Among the best recent books on that subject is "The Struggle for Health" by Dr. Richard H. Hoffmann (Horace Liveright, $3.50) written in a pleasant style, and telling of man's search for health through the ages. It is readable, useful and well-illustrated. And in Lippincott's One Hour Series Dr. Morris Fishbein has given "An Hour on Health" for the layman, which is a sane, practical volume, especially interesting in its attack on various health and food fads. In connection with health the recipes and menus given in "Food For Children and How To Cook It" by Marion Flexner and Isabella McMeekin, (Holt, $1.50) should be invaluable. If the introductory article on "Inducing Them to Eat It" works, it will revolutionize the homes of the very young.

If you feel that you "can't be good," and want to know why, Dr. Alfred Lawrence Hall-Quest will tell you in "It's Not Our Fault" (Horace Liveright, $2.50). This book, the first of its kind in the English language, as the publisher assures us, deals with the problem of evil in the light of modern knowledge. It is divided into three parts. Part I sketches the bewildering number of standards set by religion, philosophy and law, and reviews the long story of evil in relation to these. Part II discusses the several conditions of living that are responsible for wrongdoing, the human scene being viewed from vantage grounds of sociology, psychology, erotology and education. In Part III the author voices his own convictions in regard to the whole problem of modern evil and offers a few suggestions which he believes would help matters.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington: Doubleday, Doran. A brilliant sketch of a common type, the little fool, stuffed with the cheap and nasty pastry of the tabloids and the movies and suffering from indigestion. Reviewed June 12.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Sleeveless Errand, by Norah James: Morrow. This is a disturbing story of post-war neurotics, baldly honest and forcefully written. Reviewed June 12.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs Merrill. Native material is used with poetic grace in this moving story of plantation life. Reviewed November 21.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy, but doesn't amount to much as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

Havelock Ellis's suggestions on the good life are embodied in "The Art of Life" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2) which is no new opus from his pen, but a selection from his complete works of passages which present the essence of his thought, under five heads: Love, Art, Morality, Religion and Philosophy. The book is an excellent introduction to the man who has been called "the most civilized Englishman of his generation." Presumably the art of life is in part the art of embracing opportunity when it appears.

"Opportunity Ahead!" edited by Clayton H. Ernst and Trentwell M. White (Appleton, $1.50) is a book made up of articles, each by an expert in his field, on the chances for success offered by various careers, and is designed to help "forward-looking young persons" in their choice of life work. All the writers are optimists.

Two enchanting books for the summer traveler are "Half-Hours in Old London" by Harry Prince ($2.50) and "The Road to France" by Gordon C. Maxwell, ($2.50), both published by Dutton. The annoying traveler who thinks about history or literature when he or she should be thinking of night-clubs or golf-courses will find them comforting. The one on London is not the best or the most complete that we have seen, but it is satisfactory for the somewhat hurried sightseer, and it is pleasantly written. But the one on the Dover road, the "most romantic seventy-two miles of highway in the world" (if you are that way about England) is just about perfect. Both are small and light to handle. If your travels carry you to Central or South America you will find "Old Civilizations in the New World" by A. Hyatt Verrill (Bobbs-Merrill, $5) worth putting into your steamer trunk. It is a non-technical account of the vanished races of the new world, the memorials of whose civilizations are gradually being brought to light by research in Central and South America. The performances of these lost people in architecture and in astronomy-mathematics are amazing, and full of puzzles so far unsolved. Mr. Verrill has made his book as readable as it is valuable, and the pleasure of reading it is enhanced by the fine illustrations. There is a useful bibliography.

"The History of Russia" by George Vernadsky (Yale University Press, $4) is a survey of military and political events in Russia from the origins of the Russian state, in the Tenth Century, until today. The author also traces the main currents in the development of Russian culture. He writes dispas-

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sionately and clearly, addressing himself to the general reader. "Russian Schools and Universities in the World War" (Yale University Press, $2.75) is a new volume in the Russian Series of the "Economic and Social History of the World War," published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

In biography, there are many new titles. "Leopold of the Belgians" by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde (Century, $4) is a biographical portrait, political rather than personal, which presents its subject as a great colonizer whose aims were genuinely patriotic and essentially unselfish. We are told that this is the current Belgian view of the King whom we have so long associated with cruelty and greed in the administration of that section of the Congo he won for his country by playing against each other the ambitions of England, France and Germany. But right or wrong, Leopold was a dynamic figure and this presentation should be of interest to students of politics. The simplicity and directness of the style make it of especial interest to the casual reader.

"The Plunger" by E. J. Dies (Covici-Friede, $3) is a story of the Chicago Wheat Pit and a good journalistic account of the career of Benjamin Hutchinson, a speculator in wheat famous in the last century. Somewhat limited as to the audience it is likely to command, the book presents a vivid picture of a past age animated by many striking personalities. "The Heroic Life of St. Vincent de Paul" by Henri Lavedan, translated by Helen Y. Chase (Longmans Green, $2.50) is the work of a French academician, who appears to have chosen to write in a naïve, childlike manner in the belief that the road to popularity lies in that direction. We do not agree with him, but the subject of his book is so fascinating a one and his background so complete that even a tiresome way of writing cannot make his book dull.

"Famous American Duels" by Don C. Seitz (Crowell, $3.50) tells us that duelling, now the privilege of gangsters, was once the mark of the man of honor. In connection with the stories of fourteen American duels, told here, there is American history, history of etiquette, and history of a code of honor which is no longer recognized, possibly to our social loss. The book is perhaps over-documented, but is intended for popular reading and written in an easy newspaper style. "Pheidias" by John Galen Howard (Macmillan $2.50) can scarcely be called biography. The atmosphere of classic Greece and the spirit of the eternal artist are strongly felt in this story of Pheidias, told in blank verse. The sculptor tells his own tale to his friend who transcribes it, adding his own account of Pheidias's imprisonment and death. The verse is rich and fluent, and is an unpretentious and satisfactory medium for the telling of the story. You will find it, especially if you are interested in the relation of æsthetics to life, an entirely readable book, which deserves wider reading than it is likely to get.

Letters as a profession or trade is a thing of little interest to the general reader. But once in a while something happens, a successful literary hoax, a censorship row, a quarrel like the current one between publishers and book-clubs, and the actual business of books takes on news value. Two books, useful to the professional writer at any time, and timely as well as entertaining for general reading are "The Profession of Letters" and "Authorship in the Days of Johnson" by A. S. Collins (Dutton, $5 each). In them the relations between author, publisher and public during the hundred years between 1730 and 1830 are described and discussed. Those years were marked for the author by the shift from writing under the patronage of private individuals to writing for public approval. They also witnessed the infancy and growth, in the modern world, of letters as a profession. Southey seems to have been the first writer of importance whose "whole estate was in his inkpot." Before his time, scholars, statesmen, actors, courtiers wrote and patrons paid that their work might be published. After reading these two books one is tempted to speculate on the comparative value to literature of private patronage and public support. It would be absurd to doubt the success of fine books under the present system. Eventually, if not always immediately, they are recognized. But it would be foolish to deny that the increasing adoption of letters as a trade has glutted the market with inferior goods.

"Ought to be put beside Bryce"
—Harry Hansen

CHICAGO

A More Intimate View of Urban Politics

By Charles E. Merriam

"In spite of its title, Professor Merriam's book is not so circumscribed. The city he writes of is that perverse metropolis which sometimes calls itself Chicago, sometimes New York, sometimes Philadelphia—the city which Mark Twain depicted under the name of 'Hadleyburg.' The story is not so much a story of Chicago as of how Chicago gets that way. It gets that way just as the other great American cities do . . . What he says is familiar in the ears of Forty-second Street, of Chestnut Street, of Massachusetts Avenue."
—New York Times

At all bookstores now—$3.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Compton Mackenzie's The Three Couriers Doubleday, Doran

Roger Waterlow and his amusing and painfully life-like group of spies appear again in this book about secret service in the Balkans during the War. We are a great admirer of Compton Mackenzie's style, so we think that if you want to read adventure stories you cannot get anything better than this. The ghastly mixture of comedy and horror, the striking characterizations and the fact that the hero's schemes do not always succeed go to make these secret service tales of Mackenzie's read like fact, not fiction.

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Social Surveys

Wholesale and Retail

THERE is something daring in the idea of surveying an entire community, ascertaining their interests, recreations, and social customs; estimating their natural and human resources, their wealth, their earned and unearned incomes; assembling from the census, tax bureaus, and other sources all the countings of the population which for any reason have been undertaken; and even bringing to the bar of a fresh critical examination the educational system, the administration of justice, the religious ceremonials, and the making of laws and ordinances.

In a fragmentary way the several aspects of our common life are constantly being surveyed. Artists of all kinds are at it continually, and so are the satirists.

A recent big book about a small town and a little book about a great nation belong among the more systematic treatises of social anthropology, and yet are not at all dull reading. In "Middletown" (Harcourt, Brace) we have a real survey which becomes a speaking, photographic likeness. It will make the mid-western American chuckle or squirm, according to his mood, but even in Middletown it will hardly be resented, unless because of reviews and opinions which drift back from the outside. It is penetrating but sympathetic, and almost exasperatingly fair. It cannot be called tactful. Its spirit is scientific but not academic. The authors, Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrill Lynd, actually seem to have enjoyed writing it and not to have been unduly nervous about whether they were pleasing the foundation which financed the study or the statistical experts who gave them counsel.

The smaller and earlier book bears a title suggesting a more leisurely entourage—"A Survey of the Social Structure of England and Wales as Illustrated by Statistics" (Oxford University Press). Like "Middletown" it has a dual authorship: A. M. Carr-Saunders and D. Caradog Jones. As befits its formal title it is more strictly a statistical inquiry. It has eighty-two tables and is well documented.

The striking thing about both books is their unusual human interest. Even the footnotes of "Middletown" are alive with flashes of wit and philosophy. In "The Social Structure of England," statistics are turned into such comprehensible generalizations as that women are more hardy than men; that England needs to build houses faster than schools, because the population as a whole is growing faster than the school population; that a woman in England does not have less chance of marriage than before the War. This survey refutes more than one popular misconception, among them that about the existence of rigid social classes in England—a view which seems to be confirmed by the results of the recent Parliamentary elections. Lady Astor battling furiously and successfully to hold her seat against a Labor candidate, and the Socialist son of the Tory Prime Minister defeating his father's supporter, suggest that there are cracks at least in the traditional social structure of England.

Both books can be read with sustained interest and profit, both by serious students and by the general reader, but there is a difference. The English book, with all its shrewd detection of general trends, does not frequently raise in the reader's mind the question whether he likes or dislikes what is taking place. The American book, while not obtruding the authors' judgments, almost compels the reader to form his own at every point.

The Lynds are bound by no literary canons to make the people whom they are describing likable. As social anthropologists they are bound only to give a faithful report of what they see, to check their first impressions by questionnaires, by interviews, by documents. Although they do not forget that "you can see some things through a tear which you cannot through a microscope" they keep admirably free from a too sympathetic intimacy.

The four chapters on education and the one on "keeping healthy" are depressing. That a progressive, prosperous, enlightened American community can be so easily led by the nose, victimized by propaganda, dominated by the money-making motive, satisfied with quack remedies, standardized beyond all reason, raises the most disturbing questions about our schools, our religious institutions, and our economic morality. Middletown is no fiction. It lies snugly at the center of every American community. Perhaps this may help to restore our equanimity, if not our complacency. Human nature, our Twentieth-Century American human nature, is like that—but it is not altogether like that.

EDWARD T. DEVINE

Complexities of Crime

(Continued from Page 341)

However, there is a minimum wage essential to procure contentment, and a job which a young man likes soon establishes habits of regularity, ambition, and loyalty, so that crime rapidly ceases to allure and becomes inconceivable.

This brief indication of the problems of prevention will at least serve to show their complexity and wide ramifications.

If prevention fails and crime is committed, society is forced into the second stage of its campaign—the process of detection and arrest. This also is for the most part not a legal problem. Its success depends on the effective organization of the police, an administrative task. If we are to secure police efficiency, we must be prepared to pay the price in many different forms. We must abandon the American tradition of political control of the police force. We must deny politicians any more power over the police than over the army or the railroad. We must pay a price in money. Policemen are human beings; we cannot protect them from the temptation offered by large-scale commercial lawbreaking merely by supplying them with a uniform or a badge and a small salary. Although no wages which could reasonably be paid to the police would be so large as the bribes they might obtain, we can at least give them pay and working conditions commensurate with their importance. This done, we can hope to develop a loyalty like that of the Northwest Mounted Police, which will repel bribery as indignantly as a soldier would refuse to desert a gallant commander and go over to the enemy.

Another price of efficiency is not to demand more from the police than they can reasonably perform. It is an American tradition to establish a large mass of petty offenses which take much time and trouble to detect, and arrest for which is resented by a considerable portion of the community. The Chief of Police of New Orleans told Raymond Fosdick: "If I should enforce the law against selling tobacco on Sunday, I would be run out of office in twenty-four hours. But I am in constant danger of being run out of office because I don't enforce it." So the tobacco stands were hanging green curtains, which served the double purpose of advertising their location to smokers and of protecting the virtue of non-smokers from visions of evil. Such offenses necessarily divert the police from the suppression of murders and robberies. Despite the popular opposition, it may be essential to bring certain commercial

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activities within the criminal law, but we ought to count the cost before we do so and be ready to make the necessary increase of the police force in order to secure a thorough-going suppression of old and new crimes alike.

Finally, we can never hope to attain the low crime rates of the "police states" on the Continent of Europe. We could lessen crimes by multiplying our police many times over and giving them practically unlimited powers of search, inquiry, and arrest over American citizens. The consequent loss of liberty is a price which we shall probably be unwilling to pay.

THE THIRD STAGE, the actual prosecution of crime, is the concern of lawyers. The survey of "Criminal Justice in Cleveland" shows how many necessary reforms they have not yet accomplished. Especially important is its emphasis upon the great powers of the prosecuting attorney. Too often he regards his position as a stepping stone to the governorship. It is really a judicial office, and he should be as free as the judges from political entanglements and ambitions, if crime is to be adequately handled. Another sacrifice of traditions is essential to an improvement suggested by Mr. Hoover, the selection of jurors. At present, exemption from jury duty is granted by law to almost every occupation which from its nature guarantees the possession of intelligence. Most other well-qualified persons, at least in the cities, avoid service if possible. Of the remaining citizens, those who would be satisfactory in criminal trials are often challenged or diverted to the grand jury and civil cases. We could secure many more jurors available for criminal trials, from whom the best could be selected, if we would entrust contract suits to judges, abolish grand juries as a mere form, limit challenges, and reduce exemptions while we diminished the burden of jury service upon busy men by making trials shorter. Delay is the great vice of all criminal proceedings, and it is the prevalent mental habit of lawyers. All these cherished traditions must go as the price of less crime. In addition, judges must have more power to control trials. More well-trained lawyers must be induced to represent prisoners, perhaps as officially paid Public Defenders. Criminal work should not be suffered, as now, to drift largely into the hands of practitioners ready to use unscrupulous methods. The prosecution fights fire with fire. Law is either not enforced or enforced lawlessly. A criminal trial becomes a knock-down and drag-out fight rather than a patient search for truth. All these changes should be considered by lawyers; but they will be helpless unless they receive the energetic and continuous support of laymen in and out of the legislatures.

The fourth stage, the treatment of the offender after he is found to have committed the crime, is often regarded as retribution for guilt. Its real purpose, aside from compelling restitution to the victim where possible, is the protection of society. This is accomplished partly by the deterrent effect of the prisoner's fate upon others, in so far as they can be checked by fear, but chiefly if the prisoner himself can be prevented from committing more crimes. Therefore, the fourth stage has at bottom the same main purpose as the first stage. Then society tried to keep the individual from his first offense; now after failing it tries to keep him from succeeding offenses. And the two tasks require essentially the same methods.

READJUSTMENT is the key-word of the problem of preventing crime. Curing criminals, actual or potential, is not very different from curing the insane. Not that all criminals are insane—far from it—but both groups are seriously out of adjustment with the community. Bernard Hart in his "Psychology of Insanity" has shown that most of the insane are like the rest of us, only more so. Emotions and illusions which affect us all are carried by them beyond the point where they are able to correct them and meet the normal demands of life. In the same way the young criminal—and most criminals are young—is actuated by emotions shared by his law-abiding contemporaries; curiosity, love of adventure, desire for money to spend. They avoid conflict with the law, perhaps because they hold their wishes under control, perhaps because they possess legitimate means of gratification. The Boy Scouts, by providing training in control and plenty of adventure, have probably kept more restless youngsters out of jail than all the policemen alive. Now, hope of readjustment does not usually cease after an offense has been committed. The only difference is that the task is somewhat more difficult and is carried on in confinement or under the supervision of probation officers. Prison is really an educational institution, aiming if possible to turn its inmates into decent members of society. Punishment is only the last stage of compulsory schooling.

If it were possible to detect those who need readjustment before any crime was committed, and remove them from the possibility of harm, crime would be greatly lessened. Yet the price of such safety would be higher than most of us would care to pay. A few persons are so definitely stamped as dangerous that they can be put under control before committing any offense. Such are the insane and those in the lower grades of feeble-mindedness. Beyond this we do not venture until a crime has occurred. Doubtless, some experts would like to wander through the streets picking out potential criminals and shutting them up out of harm's way. In comparison with such a tyranny of psychiatrists, we prefer to run the risk of crime. At least that is our choice unless we ourselves could do the selecting; we might happen to be among those selected as dangerous. On the other hand, when an offense has once been committed and the offender convicted by the proper tribunal, usually a jury, then we do put him under control with the hope that the state will cure his maladjustment under confinement and supervision so that he will be law-abiding henceforth. The chief function of a conviction for crime is this process of ear-marking the individual as a legitimate subject of state control. Until a person is thus sharply demarcated from the population at large, he must unless abnormal be left to private institutions, schools, and other agencies for the correction of criminal tendencies.

Some of those taken under control after conviction will prove incurable. Like the incurably insane they must be kept where they can do no harm. By studying them we can learn much of the causes of their breakdowns, and so find out how to prevent similar catastrophes in potential offenders. To execute murderers is to destroy our laboratory specimens which may teach us how men come to kill.

THE PURPOSE of imprisonment of criminals is, therefore, to cure those who are curable and safeguard society against the incurable. Once we take this view, the distinction between sane and insane offenders becomes far less significant than in our present law. Indeed, it has long been plain that the various grades of mental competency shade into each other and raise questions which jurymen are incapable of determing accurately even with the guidance of partisan alienists. Governor Alfred E. Smith recently made the widely-accepted proposal that the jury should merely decide that the accused committed the criminal act and then turn him over to a board of highly trained men, devoting all their time to such questions, who would choose the type of confinement best suited to this individual. He might be sent to an insane

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asylum for medical treatment, to a school for training in an honest occupation, to a State farm, or to a so-called prison where he would be given time to adopt a law-abiding disposition. If he remained permanently at war with society, he would stay shut up. And of course the deterrent effect of his fate would be considered for whatever it is worth. The reformed murderer may not be released, for the sake of an example to others, but much has been accomplished if he has become a useful member of the prison community. We cannot save his victim, but we may save him.

A chief reason for the frequent acquittals of guilty men is that juries and public have lost faith in the present punishing process. Once the first heat of indignation has subsided, they feel that punishment will do no good either to the victim or the offender. Prison is seen as a place which often makes a man worse than when he entered it. Unless the danger of his repeating the crime is clear, what is to be gained by shutting him up? But if the purpose of conviction is to turn an offender over to men who will make him better if they possibly can, then we supply juries with an adequate reason for conscientiously deciding whether the accused has shown the need of such treatment.

One last caution: We should not get excited about a crime wave until we know that it exists. Our criminal statistics are now so meagre that we have no reliable evidence to compare one year with another. The newspapers, by transferring criminal items from the back page to the front page and using headlines, can produce the impression of a vast increase of crime, but we need some cold facts. We do know that there have been more automobile thefts since we had more automobiles, and less horse stealing, that with the increase of apartment houses entering apartments in daylight has somewhat driven out night burglaries, and so on; but when we ask how many automobile thefts actually occurred in a given State or even the number of annual executions for murder in Illinois, the statistics do not exist or are not readily available. Not the least service of the President's Law Enforcement Commission will be the establishment of systematic permanent methods for gathering the facts on which any convincing solutions of the crime problem must be based.

Little "Ads"

The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook and Independent is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

OCCASIONALLY, friends of this department—and even readers—chide us severely because when they come to town and read the New York newspapers they see in large type some such announcement as "Brothers" seventh month or "Skidding" second year—and lo! they have never seen its significance chronicled in this journal.

Well, naturally, we are subject to all the human limitations and errors peculiarly common to critics, and we must confess that in some instances we have taken the reports of our trusted scouts as to the dramatic value of an occasional Broadway production—and have not reviewed it ourselves.

Last week, however, stung by a particularly valued friend, we actually purchased tickets to "Brothers" and spent one of the most excessively hot nights New York has known this summer in endeavoring to appraise the dramatic significance of Mr. Bert Lytell's unquestionably popular offering.

Has it any?

Well, perhaps it has, somewhat—in the sense that it proved to us that there are yet alive many thousands of people who are still satisfied with the good old stock company days when the handsome hero presented a play which was mostly tosh, but which enabled him to do a great many extraordinary things: all the way from jumping the chasm on a horse to impersonating two or three of the characters at once.

In the present instance, Mr. Lytell jumps no chasm and pulls no heroine from beneath the advancing railway locomotive; instead he only impersonates two characters. That these two characters happen, however, to be brothers provides the *raison d'etre* for the play. For any such arrangement necessarily requires not only extreme ingenuity on the part of the dramatist—for obviously the two characters can never be on the stage at once, and yet their entrances somehow must be so contrived as to follow hard upon each other's heels, thus producing the illusion of at least two characters—not only does it require this sort of ingenuity, but it demands also from the actor an acrobatic ability to change his make-up and clothes upon the instant, and the talents necessary to portray Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in one and the same evening.

In "Brothers" Mr. Lytell does all these things well-nigh to perfection. Split seconds intervene between his appearance as the young defending attorney, who is fortune's darling, and his entrance as his long lost twin brother changed at birth, now Eddie Connolly, a product of the slums. Yes, it is just as bad as that. These two lads were farmed out at birth by three doctors in the play, who placed one of these infants with a rich and influential family and the other in the slums; for the sole purpose of settling an argument about heredity vs. environment.

Although twenty-eight years necessarily had to elapse to supply any decision to this argument, nevertheless, these good doctors seemed to think it worthwhile. The only unfortunate thing about the affair was that while naturally the darling of fortune turned out to be a dope addict and a general no-good, and Eddie of the slums became as noble-hearted and unselfish a lad as the stage can produce, nevertheless not the slightest scintilla of evidence was produced to lead to any decision, so far as the argument of heredity vs. environment was concerned.

Intellectually speaking, of course, "Brothers" is not worth talking about. Bert Lytell, himself, it must be admitted, is good—just as good as he was over twenty years ago in his stock theatre in Rochester. And it must be sadly confessed, not much better. In a sense, of course, he couldn't be any better. He is an adept at carrying the cheap scene and the melodramatic moment, as well as an exceedingly good-looking fellow (though somewhat in the style of the Gibson age) and one of our very best admirers of "Mother." All the world loves Mr. Lytell when he pats mother on the back.

Is this too sarcastic?

In a sense, perhaps. Because Mr. Lytell is actually able to do excellent acting. He merely happens in his present piece to have produced the very flower of stock company mock heroics and to have found favor for it in the eyes of an immense audience.

For us the highlight of the evening came when Mr. Lytell made his usual speech. In effect, said he, nothing can discourage the success of "Brothers" now, for in the first few weeks after they had opened, some one put up a large sign near the theatre which stated in huge electric letters "Dodge Brothers." It seems the automobile show had just opened and it never thought of Mr. Lytell or his play at all.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The One Woman Idea"

FOLLOWING a theory to which little or no importance should be attached, this department picked out two silent pictures to see this week, and saw them. The theory—for what it's worth—is this: Since the silent movie is a decadent art its old friends shouldn't allow it to wander off into the undergrowth to die alone; they can at least be at, or near, the bedside, getting off cheery cracks (and mixing metaphors) to the very last.

In addition to the foregoing they will be able to watch for signs of returning animation in the patient and thus determine whether she might not fool 'em all.

Well! If the two we saw this week are fair samples of the present state of health of the silent movie the obsequies can begin almost any time.

"The One Woman Idea," for instance, was a bit of Old Hollywood that never will be missed. It drew encomium from several critics, but on grounds that, frankly, eluded this reviewer. "The One Woman Idea" is all about one of those woman who, although incredibly beautiful and good, has a perfectly dreadful husband. The fellow carries on with everything in skirts that he can lay an eye to, and leaves his wife to register virtue and neglect for reel upon reel of close-ups. It's the sort of thing Irene Rich used to go in for, and it must be admitted that she did it much better than Marcelline Day does it in "The One Woman Idea."

The wife portrayed by Miss Day gets a better break than the wives depicted in bygone days by Miss Rich, in that she meets a Persian prince of striking mien and of a virtue equal to her own and equally incredible. Between the two there springs up a series of torrid yearnings and stern renunciations that end only at the death of the husband—an event confidently predicted by this department early in Reel One.

The Persian prince is very nicely played by Rod La Rocque, who not only extracts all the meat from his practically meatless role, but also succeeds in looking not at all unlike a Persian prince. Gratifying as this point undoubtedly is, it hardly saves the picture. Nor does Miss Day save it when unexpectedly she steps into a double rôle—that of a dancing girl who looks so much like the prince's English lady friend that he keeps her about the palace just to remind him.

Of various other things that might have happened to save the picture we shall say, simply, that they did not happen. And let it go at that.

"A Man's Man"

GRANTED THAT it's always a pleasure to see William Haines in a humble rôle instead of his customary pain-in-the-neck characterization, "A Man's Man" is really a motion picture of colossal unimportance. It's pleasant enough and Josephine Dunn and Sam Hardy help Mr. Haines with two excellent performances.

But the "Saturday's Children" idea has done more than its share already and should not be compelled to work hard for its living any more. Practically nothing happens in "A Man's Man" except a big fist fight between the Messrs. Haines and Hardy. During the portions of this encounter in which real slugging is going on the contestants look (to an eye trained in such matters) very much like a couple of other fellows. But, whoever they are, they put on a good scrap.

Miss Dunn, who has a big part looks very cute and does some real acting. It was she who played opposite William Haines in "Excess Baggage," his best picture in some time. In "A Man's Man" her rôle calls particular attention to the singular vapidity of the title, which might equally as well have been a "A Man's Woman," "A Woman's Man" or, possibly, "Saturday's Grandchildren."

The New Perspective

WE HOPE THAT some new developments on the stereoscopic film will be shortly available to our readers, either on this page or other pages, or, better yet, on the screen itself. Many years of hard work and many hard-earned dollars have been put in this device by its inventor, and he appears to be so close to his goal that nothing can stop him. If he really reaches that goal, he will have made the most important improvement yet compassed in motion picture photography. When one recalls the truly three-dimensional and occasionally awe-inspiring effects produced by the very simply constructed stereoscopes of our youth, it is startling to think of the results possible to modern photographic methods. Strength to his arm!

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

ALTHOUGH THE British Labor Party under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald has been in power before, the recent British elections mark the first occasion upon which the party has obtained a plurality in the House of Commons. In the leading article for next week Mr. Henry Noel Brailsford, until 1926 the editor of The New Leader, forecasts the probable results of the policies which Ramsay MacDonald is now enabled to put into effect. It is engaging to note that Mr. Brailsford foresees increasing prosperity for England under the new Government, and the removal of obstacles to Anglo-American friendship.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue is Dr. Henry Norris Russell of Princeton. Dr. Russell, who has been director of the Princeton Observatory since 1912, and research associate of the Mount Wilson Observatory since 1921, is a member of many scientific associations and holder of as many well-known scientific awards. His editorial, "Learning from the Eclipse," gives a clear idea of the vast importance of the scientific conclusions deduced from observations taken during the four minutes of totality.

TO THOSE who share the fairly common impression that the work done in summer session at Columbia and other universities is not as serious as that done during the regular semester, Professor Edgar Wallace Knight's article, "It's the People We Meet," will prove of interest. Mr. Knight, who is Professor of education at the University of North Carolina and author of many works on the subject of education, presents a very favorable picture of both the quantity and quality of work done during the summer session.

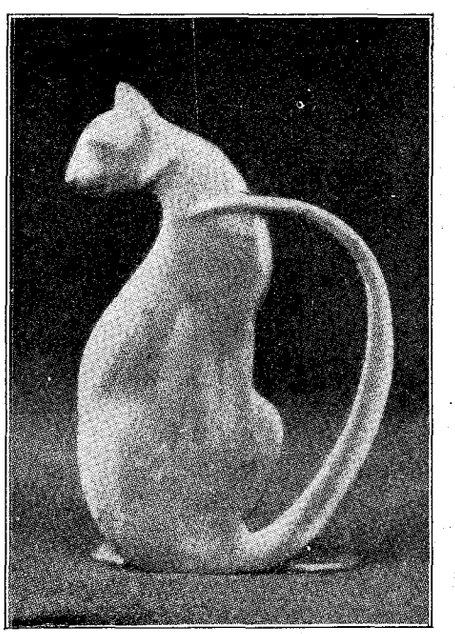
LASTILY, we have an announcement to make which gives us great pleasure. Mr. Herbert Asbury, the well known author of "Up From Methodism," "A Methodist Saint," and "The Gangs of New York" has just completed a biography of Carrie Nation, the first installment of which will soon appear in a forthcoming issue. To us, "The Background of a Crusader, the Story of Carrie Nation" is exceedingly revealing. We sincerely hope that it will prove equally significant to all who are interested in the psychology of reform.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

AN ARTIST by the name of Garret Thew, working with the Rustic Well Foundry, of Bridgeport, has been turning out some very good-looking and unconventional door hardware, gate latches, knockers, book ends, lamps and other decorative objects. They are not very susceptible of description. One of them is reproduced below, but there is considerable variety in the work. Birds, fish, animals and the human figure are used as motives, and the lamps particularly strike us as very light and graceful, and interesting in design. Some of the pieces are humorous in treatment, and while they are amusing, we think that as a rule such articles are tiresome to live with, unless they have a good deal more than their humor to recommend them. Nothing is more wearisome than a stale joke. Nevertheless, we must say that several of the amusing things do have something beside their humor.

ONE JOHN L. BLAIR writes us thus: "Will you accept the enclosed invitation to join, for a 30-day approval period, an exclusive little circle that we are forming?" Having read thus far, we continued eagerly. Nothing we like better than to belong to something small and exclusive. Only we're always being disappointed, for inevitably the little circle appears, once we're inside it, to have mysteriously expanded to include everyone in the telephone book. Nor, we believe, was this different. For it was an invitation to join the Necktie a Month Club. A dollar a month for the monthly necktie, and return it if you don't like it and keep your dollar. But who picks out the neckties? Mr. Blair. And how do we know that he's a good picker? Even if he is, he may be tall and dark and interesting looking, and we are short and fair and nobody ever asks us for our photograph. And a tie with dashing and riotous zigzags and shellbursts on it that he could wear with verve and vigor would simply look funny on us. So we're not going to join. The first of the month will come, and all over town proud members will be bursting forth in the new club tie—which will be we suppose like a fraternity pin or a masonic emblem, a free introduction and recommendation to the good fellowship of all other members. They'll hail each other merrily on the street, stand each other drinks, link arms and stroll down the Avenue, singing all the dear old club songs. But we shall not be with them. We shall strive, without joining the circle, to maintain a proud exclusiveness by some means—we don't just know how. Perhaps by growing a beard and obviating the necessity of wearing any necktie at all.



Book end by Garret Thew

WE HAVE SEEN some very cool and practical tennis Oxfords, the uppers of which are of linen mesh, so reinforced as to hold their shape well.

WE SAW RECENTLY the advertisement of a new and very fine mattress, "filled with the hair from semi-wild horses of South America." We had never known before, and probably you hadn't either, that the comfort of a mattress depended on the wildness of the horses with whose hair it was stuffed. It's a point to remember. One which ought to apply, too, to the pillows. One stuffed with eagle feathers ought to be a lot softer than one with the ordinary filling of down from the breasts of tame domestic fowls. Rest on such a pillow, and a mattress stuffed with wildcat hair, ought to be simply Elysian.

SOME folding garden chairs from France, seen recently, have frames of green-painted wood, Regence in line, and seat and back of rose, mauve and white flowered cretonne. The backs are hinged and fold down on the seats, and being of metal, are weather resistant.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Home

WELL, here he was going to end his days in the Poorhouse. His own place was empty now. Death was all brushed up and put out of the way. And now that the funeral was over, the furniture had gone. There was no place for him to sit down even, unless it was on his bag, all packed and ready. He had only to step out and start along.

Somehow, he never had bothered enough (the way he ought to) about getting on. It must have been like that with him from the beginning; though now that he was old, it was hard to remember.

He guessed he never had paid enough attention to those things out of the copy book, but they hadn't ever seemed to make sense to him—telling him to look after the pennies so the pounds would look after themselves. And then on the next page calling him "penny wise, pound foolish." They told him to improve each shining hour with industry. And then said, "all work and no play would make him a dull boy. His mind had always wandered to the color of the sky outside or the look of a moving branch. Or the golden pigtail of the little girl in front of him. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," was one of them, he remembered. And another was "out of sight, out of mind."

It did seem there were two ways of looking at things, and two kinds of people looking. In school and later on they had said his kind would end up in the Poorhouse. But then the other kind (they had said) would land in jail.

He had known a number of fellows to land in jail. They had been right about that. They had been right about him, too. For here he was, ending up in the Poorhouse.

He picked up his old bag and started along. He had always been afraid of it. Most of his life had been spent in trying not to look at it; pretending it wasn't there. He'd have been twice as happy always if it hadn't been for that ghost waiting at the end of a long road—standing there like a spectre house, windows vacant and walls as thin as air.

Well, he had been happy, too, in spite of it. All he had ever wanted really was a wife and home. And he'd been married twice. But even they had been afraid of it. The Poorhouse. They had pointed it out to him sometimes, to show it waiting for him. As long as his second wife had been alive he had managed to sort of laugh about it. But now he must look at it at last—walk up to the door, and call it home.

When he reached the Poorhouse, to his surprise it looked like other houses. He had thought of it always as waiting, empty and full of dust, for himself alone. But once inside he lifted his averted eyes and saw other faces. They were faces strangely familiar to him, though he could not remember having seen any of them before. They reminded him, he thought, of a face that he knew well—intimately—. After he had looked around a bit, he even felt (admitting it to himself like some guilty secret) at home in this place.

At the end of his first week in the Poorhouse he was beginning to be himself again—to recover from death. And from the effort and grief that had been life. At the end of the first month, he made an amazing discovery. He had never been himself before! These were his friends around him—his own kind of people. He had come to the end of the road. Ahead, there was nothing any more to be afraid of.

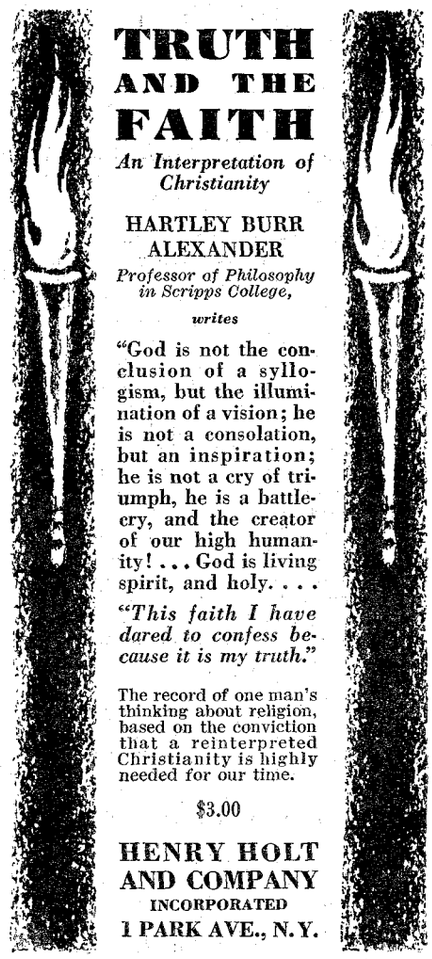
Now at last he could think about life and talk with people who thought as he did. Especially with one. She was younger than himself—too young to have come to a place like this. Life had been hard for her. She, too, had known hope and loss in marriage. She, too, had been bewildered by all the successful people in the world.

They made their confessions to each other. They told the stories of their lives, and then, half fearfully, the stories of themselves. They had never quite been able to talk this way about themselves before.

It struck him one day in a blaze of glory—the truth. Here was the only woman who had ever cared for himself alone—who had ever seen him as he really was; not rich, not great, not even ambitious. She would never expect him to be any of these things. She knew the world had beaten him. And yet she chose him as a companion beyond all the others.

They made their plans secretly. They must escape again into that unfriendly world in order to secure a license.

But afterwards when the ceremony was over and the elopement had been a success, they knew what was ahead of them. Hand in hand and happily, they returned to their only home, the Poorhouse.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Government by Banker

(Continued from Page 333)

to satisfy both elements in order that he might retain the business of both. His ability to do this is the reason he is a bank president.

It may be said that Mr. Morgan rose to the top by no such process; that he stepped into a place made for him by his father. Very well. But how long would he have held his pre-eminent position if he had not exhibited in large measure the same qualities which enabled his father to win his primacy? How long would he remain where he is if he had not been able to hold the confidence of the banking hierarchy of this country? For the banking hierarchy, as now constituted, is controlled more from the bottom than from the top. It is permeated with democracy and it takes statesmanship to lead it.

When it comes to international affairs this training of the banker in statesmanship has a peculiar value. More than once since the War the politicians have had to turn over to the bankers a problem which had proved insoluble by political methods. The politician in international affairs is primarily—it would hardly be too much to say solely—engaged in promoting the success of his own country. His best appeal to the voters back home is that he has defeated the politicians of some other country. The banker has no such motive. His constituency has no such interest. The people who trust Mr. Morgan's financial genius would find little to commend in any exploit by which he injured Germany or France or England or all Europe economically. Their interest lies in the improvement of European economy to the eventual betterment of their own.

THE BANKER thus approaches an international problem without any of the narrow nationalism of the politician. The very framework of his thought shapes his projects in forms of co-operation. Yet this desire for co-operation contains no element of quixotic sacrifice of national interests. The banker who in an international conference deliberately sacrificed the interests of his own constituents would be as promptly repudiated as any politician in similar case. His task is to find a solution for each separate problem which will benefit all the interests involved. His victory—unlike that of the politician—must be a victory for all.

It is this form of approach which has made it possible for the banker to succeed where the politician has failed. I was talking a few weeks ago with a well-known English Socialist whose chief interest was international affairs. He was pointing out the enormous influence of the bankers in the Dawes Plan, Locarno and the rest. I asked him if he did not think that in the main their work was to be commended. His reply was "I have been criticizing bankers for thirty years but I have to admit that they've done a good job—a better job than anybody else could have done."

IT SEEMS fairly clear that under modern forms of economic organization the banker is losing, if he has not already lost, his anti-social character. He has been shaped by the interplay of economic forces into a potential instrument of social progress. As such he has already demonstrated his usefulness in the handling of delicate international negotiations. And if we stop to think of it, there is nothing extraordinary in this result. We live in an economic age.

The bankers of today reflect the wide-spread interests of economic democracy as accurately as they formerly reflected the class interests of an economic aristocracy. Great bankers emerge through a process of economic selection which is quite as effective as the process of political selection which gives us our successful politicians. It would be difficult to prove to the average man, once he has questioned it, that the man to whom he gives his vote is more worthy of his confidence than the man to whom he gives his bank account.

This is far from saying that all bankers are paragons of virtue. There are misfits, failures and even crooks in the banking world, just as there are in law, or the ministry or any other profession—including politics. But the process of elimination is inexorable and universally operative. The crook, the failure, and even the misfit are not likely to remain long as bankers. Their chance of reaching the top is almost nil. Yet even with this protective factor we should hardly wish to deliver our national and international fortunes into the hands of the bankers without further check upon their activities. With all the checks which are at our disposal, however, we may feel quite justified in refusing to get excited because the banker, as a result of our economic and social development, is attaining a position in governmental affairs similar to that long held by lawyers and by professional politicians.

Our Growing Leisure

(Continued from Page 328)

culty is one of which a hint has already been given. The fundamental problem is to create among us the atmosphere in which pure science and art flourish abundantly; so to turn the winds of popular opinion that more men will be moved to devote their life to the pursuit of science for its own sake. The people at large cannot, it is true, partake of the undiluted joy of discovery which belongs to the great investigator; but they can very well be given a taste, a modified sample, of the peculiar pleasure that comes of a deepening insight into nature. Let no one scorn the amateur. Only a person ignorant of the history of science could fall into this error. We must remember that from our amateur audiences, and from those reached indirectly through them, must come our future investigators. In such organizations as Science Service and the American Institute, dedicated to the spread of the scientific outlook among the people at large, we must see something more than a machine for supplying an instructive variety of entertainment. The greater purpose of these institutions must surely be to reawaken that spirit of wonder which for most of us is stifled, as we pass out of childhood, by the cares of the adult day; that same spirit which some individuals retain through life, to the incalculable benefit of the race.

To sum up: Knowledge is neutral, impartial, applicable to evil or foolish purposes, as well as to good or wise. The phenomenal growth of science and technical arts, in recent decades, has therefore but lent a new urgency to the problem of wisely distributing human effort in its various applications. For, this growth of knowledge means, first, increased power; and, second, the possibility of greatly increased leisure. Thus arises the problem of investing our leisure, both individually and collectively. It is not, of course, proposed to abridge the rights of the individual to spend his leisure as he may see fit. But in its collective aspect, the problem is to provide that outstanding talent shall be given opportunity to spend itself on things most worth-while. In the past this opportunity was often provided by the patronage of the wealthy, and periods of florescence of art came with periods of prosperity. It is well that, in somewhat modified, and rather less personal form, this disposition still persists among us. Yet, in the modern state we naturally look for a more democratic plan. It is for democracy to devise its own solution of the problem of investing its new-found leisure.

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New Styles in Feminine Beauty

(Continued from Page 331)

market that determines the style. The majority of employers are men, the majority of politicians are men, and in most cases it is still the man who makes the proposal of marriage. And women, even feminists, who wish to succeed in any of these departments of work, business, politics, or domesticity will naturally follow the fashion that seems to have the best chance of getting her what she wants. It is, of course, largely a case of the survival of the fittest. Those women who have these features will win out. But it must in time, if it has not already, affect those who have not; for seeing what succeeds they will attempt to compensate for their lack of features in their manner and manners, their way of walking, talking, and their way of dressing.

Let no one think that the new style will be less beautiful because it is different. It is not an elongated chin, nor glittering eyes, nor small ones, nor the pinched nose, nor thin lips, nor crooked teeth, nor the awkward walk, nor the piano ankles, nor the waddling figure that will win the beauty contests. Firm chins can be softly modeled; keen eyes can be of the softest brown or purest blue, and large and pointed, their lashes can be of the longest and even tipped with gold; a Grecian nose may be determined; firm lips may be curved, set teeth pearly white; assurance can move with delicate grace and walk on race-horse ankles; and resolution may sit upon a noble figure. Yet there will be no mistaking the difference between the old style and the new. Power and acquiescence bear a different look, call for a different carriage, sit on a different figure. Strength and frailty call for different contours, different gestures, different eyes. Determination and submission call for a different compression about the lips, a different movement of the hips, a different placement of the foot. Competence and amenity call for a different physique, a different voice, a different manner of speaking. To see what those differences are, look at the photogravure sections in the Sunday papers and compare them with the illustrations of Du Maurier, look at the magazine covers of today and compare them with those of 1900, conjure up the portrait of Duse as Francesca da Rimini and remember the Juliet of Jane Cowl. Aye, compare the little colored pictures of actresses that thirty years ago were to be found inserted in cartons of cigarettes with the bathing beauties of Hollywood. Or, if that is too much trouble, take a look at the chins, the noses, the mouths about you that you most admire and ask yourself: Could they ever by any chance belong to a pleading vine?

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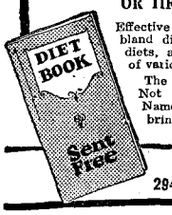

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